HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXVIII.—No. 1449.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1884.

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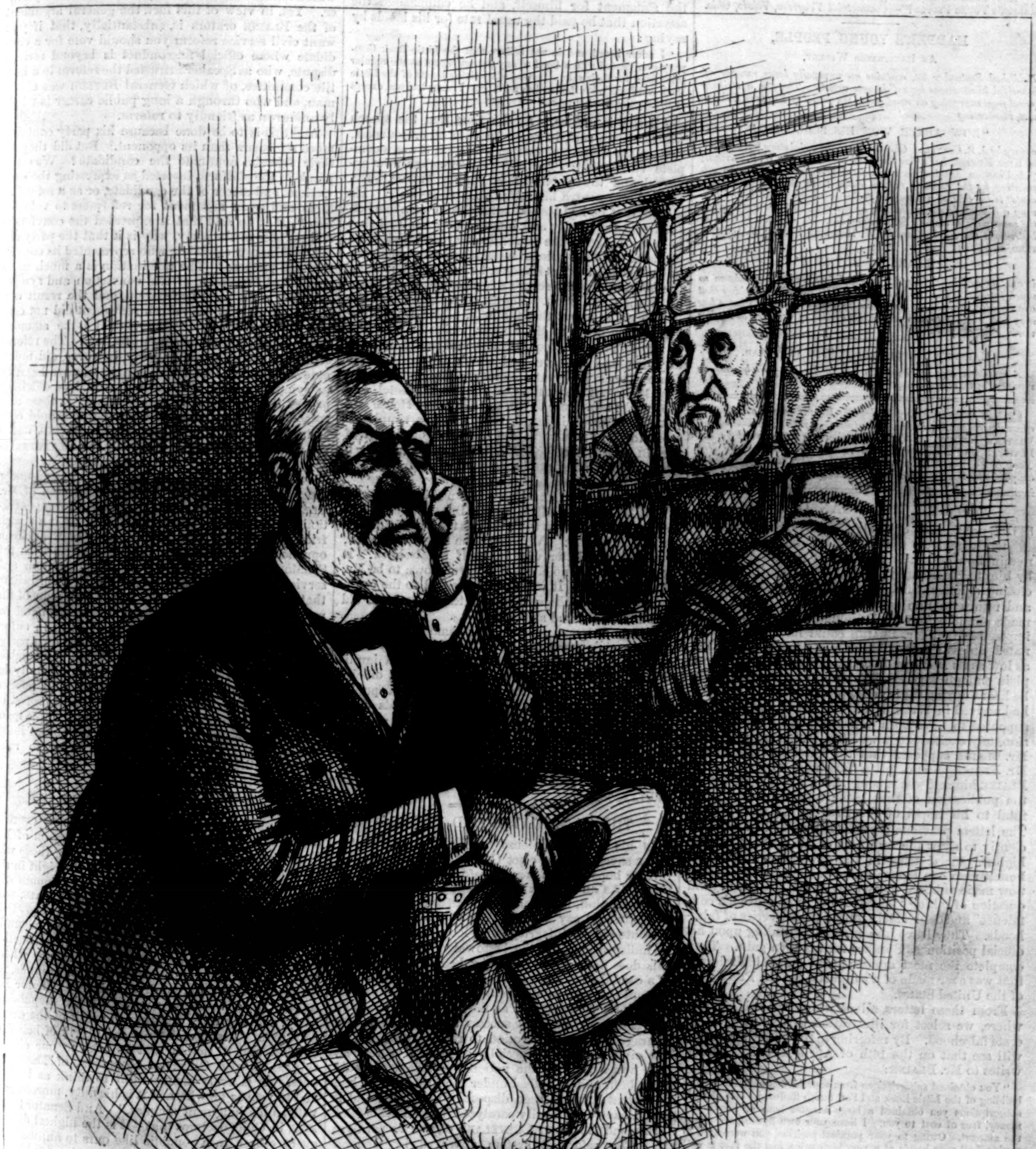


GRAVE REGRETS.

The Spirit of Tweed. "If I hadn't been *too previous*, and had only belonged to the Republican party, and had been a big enough boss to get myself nominated, what a brilliant, intense American statesman I might have been!"

J. G. B. "And besides, I had the Star Route Defender, Bob Ingersoll, christen me the *Plumed Knight*, and have the *New York Tribune* defend me *through thick and thin*."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, September 27, 1884.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, *and* Harper's Bazar *may be had for the years* 1881, 1882, *and* 1883. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders promptly. It is* Messrs. Harper & Brothers' *intention in future to keep the back numbers of these periodicals for three years only.*

"How would our boys and girls contrive to exist if they had no Harper's Young People?"—*Commercial Telegram, Toledo, Ohio.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly,

Published September 23, contains an unusually large number of beautiful illustrations by well-known artists. There is a striking front-page engraving on wood, from the pencil of Rudolph F. Bunner, *illustrating*

"HOW ABNER WON HIS SCHOOLING,"

a story by J. R. Coryell; *Chapter V. of the serial story "Wakulla," by* Kirk Munroe, *has a fine half-page illustration by* W. P. Snyder; *"A Venetian Maiden" is a beautiful reproduction from an oil-painting by the eminent foreign artist* E. de Blaas; *"The Students" is the title of a beautiful full-page showing a little girl conning a difficult lesson, while close by her side, with his eyes bent on the same page, is a noble St. Bernard dog. In addition to these illustrations there are others by* W. Hamilton Gibson, W. L. Sheppard, *and* Frank Bellew.

"LEARNING A TRADE"

is another article of the series in which boy readers have shown so much interest. This time it is the secrets of pottery-making that are revealed, while at the same time the author describes what a boy may look forward to who adopts this branch of industry as his life work.

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.*

☞ *A* Supplement *containing the* Blaine *letters, arranged in chronological order, is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly. *The list comprises the letters read by* Mr. Blaine, *that of November 25, 1870, made public through the New York Sun by* Mr. Aquila Adams, *and the others since furnished to the public by* Mr. Fisher *and* Mr. Mulligan.

THE NEW MULLIGAN LETTERS.

The publication of the last series of Mulligan letters completes the national humiliation of the nomination of Mr. Blaine. Had the letter written by him to Mr. Fisher on the 16th of April, 1876, inclosing a letter which he asked Mr. Fisher to copy and return to him as his own voluntary act, been made public before the Republican Convention, it is impossible that Mr. Blaine could have been nominated, unless the Republican party has really fallen as low as its Democratic opponents assert. It is now plain enough why Mr. Blaine was so alarmed when he heard during the investigation that Mr. Mulligan had arrived in Washington with the letters which he supposed to have been destroyed, and why the passionately excited scene with Mr. Mulligan followed. Mr. Blaine supposed that the letter proposing that Mr. Fisher should tell a falsehood to protect Mr. Blaine himself was among them, and he knew that the publication of that letter would necessarily be fatal to his hopes of the Presidential nomination. The letters previously published seemed to us sufficiently to show the unfitness of Mr. Blaine for the highest official trust in the government. But no honest man can escape the plain conclusion of those now made public. They convict Mr. Blaine beyond question of taking "44,000,000 of people into his confidence" and deliberately telling them a series of falsehoods. They leave him exposed as trading upon his official position as Speaker for his own gain. They complete the most amazing and painful disclosure that was ever made of a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

From these letters, all of which we publish elsewhere, we select for illustration this point of deliberate falsehood. By referring to the letters the reader will see that on the 16th of April, 1872, Mr. Fisher writes to Mr. Blaine:

> "You obtained subscriptions from your friends in Maine for the building of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad. Out of their subscriptions you obtained a large amount both of bonds and money, free of cost to you. I have your own figures, and know the amount. Owing to your political position, you were able to work off all your bonds at a very high price, and the fact is well known to others as well as myself."

Mr. Blaine's contract as agent is dated September 5, 1869, and has been published. That it was carried out is shown by the memorandum with his "own figures" in his own handwriting which was produced by Mr. Mulligan in Mr. Blaine's presence before the committee, and Mr. Blaine was silent. Yet while he was scheming for the nomination in 1876, before anything was known to the public, and the vague rumors of his railroad transactions first filled the air, Mr. Blaine wrote to Mr. Fisher, inclosing the draft of a letter which he wished Mr. Fisher to return to him as his own, and asking him, in the face of what is now known to be the truth, to say:

> "You [Mr. Blaine] became the purchaser of about $30,000 of the bonds on precisely the same terms that every other buyer received, paying for them in installments running over a considerable period, just as others did. The transaction was perfectly open, and there was no more secrecy in regard to it than if you had been buying flour or sugar. I am sure that you never owned a bond of the road that you did not pay for at the market rate....Your action in the whole matter was as open and as fair as the day. When the original enterprise failed, I knew with what severity the pecuniary loss fell upon you, and with what integrity and nerve you met it. Years having since elapsed, it seems rather hard at this late day to be compelled to meet a slander in a matter where your conduct was in the highest degree honorable and straightforward."

This letter was sent by Mr. Blaine to Mr. Fisher on the 16th of April, 1876. Mr. Fisher, however, did not return the letter as his own, and so, on the 24th of April, a week later, Mr. Blaine in the House made the statement for himself, and he emphasized the assertion that he paid the usual rate for his bonds by saying:

> "I never heard and do not believe that the Little Rock Company ever parted with a bond to any person except at the regular price fixed for their sale. Instead of receiving bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad as a gratuity, I never had one except at the regular market price."

All this is untrue. At the time that the speech was made we said, in common with other journals, that, in the absence of further evidence, it was a complete vindication. The other evidence has now appeared, and the statement is plainly untrue. Mr. Blaine represented himself as a simple investor. He alleged that he had bought securities in open market. He concealed totally and intentionally the fact that he was a broker in the securities of a road which owed its value to Congressional legislation, and which value he boasted that, as Speaker, he had saved, making the boast in order to secure a further pecuniary interest in the speculation. The Blaine organs have the hardihood to assert that the letter of Mr. Blaine inclosing the draft to Mr. Fisher, which he asks him to regard as strictly confidential, and not to show to any one, and to burn, and which he sends to the Parker House for greater secrecy, although he knows that Mr. Fisher is at the Commonwealth Hotel, and telegraphs him there to call at the Parker House and get the letter—this letter, they say, is a simple request to Mr. Fisher to attest the truth on behalf of Mr. Blaine. The reader, however, will have seen that it asks Mr. Fisher to state as the truth what Mr. Fisher himself had already declared to Mr. Blaine to be untrue. But, much more than this, the request is that Mr. Fisher will copy Mr. Blaine's letter and send it to Mr. Blaine to be read as the unsolicited letter of Mr. Fisher. Whatever the letter contained, therefore, the letter was in itself a falsehood. It would have had no effect if it were known to be Mr. Blaine's letter. It was to be presented to the country, therefore, as the spontaneous testimony of an old friend to an injured associate.

This is but one point in this shameful business. The amazing correspondence will be everywhere read, and considering all its revelations and implications, its falsifications, its prostitution of official power and influence, its debasing view of public morality, and the deep disgrace that it casts upon the American name, it is hard to believe that a public officer who has trafficked in his place as these letters show, and has then besought a friend to perjure himself in order to deceive the country, can be called by the American people to the chair of Washington and Lincoln.

THE CANDIDATES AND REFORM.

In his letter of defense for Mr. Blaine, Senator Hoar says, "If you elect Cleveland, you abandon further hope of civil service reform for this generation." As an argument for voting for a candidate whose election, in Colonel Codman's well-considered words, would say "to the voters of the nation that absolute official integrity is no longer regarded. . . . as indispensable for the bestowal of public trusts," this does not seem to be strong, because the election of a candidate of whom this could be truly said would be quite as serious an abandonment of civil service reform for a generation as the election of one who would largely owe his success to his resolute and courageous official devotion to reform. Reform in the civil service is especially an executive reform. The new system in the national government could have been quietly baffled under the forms of law had President Arthur been disposed to baffle it; and it could have been readily paralyzed in the State of New York had Governor Cleveland chosen to paralyze it. The reformed system approved by General Grant ceased to be enforced because he declined to enforce it against the hostility of Republican politicians. The reformed system approved by Governor Cleveland has been enforced in New York because he refused to yield to the hostility of Democratic politicians. Senator Hoar's argument is that if Governor Cleveland should be elected President, he could no longer resist them. But why not? The State of New York is an immense State, containing one-tenth of the population of the country. It is politically a "close" State, and the organization of the Democratic party here has been always more complete and despotic than in any other State. The situation is that of Washington upon a smaller scale, but it is not different, and what the Governor has shown the firmness and independence to do at Albany, he could do at Washington. Moreover, he would be strengthened by the knowledge that he owed his election in great part to satisfaction with his official course as Governor, and confidence that he would continue it as President. If ever a man in high official position displayed the special qualities which are now demanded in administration, it is Governor Cleveland. The nomination of Mr. Blaine, and the assistant nomination of General Butler, show an indifference to the requirement of absolutely unsuspected official integrity—an integrity which speaks for itself, and demands no defense—which is one of the most startling facts of the political situation, and which makes that issue take precedence of every other. Yet, in view of this fact, the general argument of the Blaine orators is, substantially, that if you want civil service reform you should vote for a candidate whose official misconduct is beyond serious dispute, who as Speaker intrusted the reform to a hostile committee, of which General Butler was chairman, and who through a long public career is wholly unknown as friendly to reform.

And this is to be done because his party contains more reformers than its opponent. But did they or their friends nominate the candidate? Was the plank in the platform inserted as expressing the convictions and career of the candidate, or as a set-off to them, and as an argument for reformers to vote for him? If it be said that it expressed the conviction and purpose of the party, why is it that the party did not nominate a candidate who represented its conviction and purpose? The nomination is a much more significant expression of real conviction and sympathy than a platform declaration, and the result certainly shows that the reform sentiment did not control the nomination. Why should it be assumed that it must control the administration? The reform sentiment of the opposing party, however, did nominate Mr. Cleveland, whose convictions are heartily in sympathy with reform, and who has officially proved the courage of his convictions. Is there any reason to doubt that his administration would conform to them? The election of Mr. Blaine, under the actual circumstances, and with the Blaine managers in command, would be, as Mr. Clapp's remarks show, most perilous to continued reform; and under the same circumstances to call the election of Mr. Cleveland an abandonment of reform for a generation is an abuse of words. Senator Hoar is a stanch friend of reform. But the great body of Republican opponents of Mr. Blaine, not less sincere than the Senator in loyalty to the Republican tradition and service, nor less devoted than he to reform, believe that the cause is safer in the hands of a man of the most unspotted official integrity, of the strongest reform convictions, and the utmost courage in enforcing them against sturdy opposition in his own party, than in those of a man who has abused great public trusts for his private advantage, and then solemnly denied it, who has shown no sympathy with reform, who was nominated against the strenuous protest of the reform sentiment in his party, and whose managers are resorting to one of the worst abuses introduced by the old spoils system in order to raise money for the campaign.

REPUBLICAN DOCTRINE.

Not only do the stanchest Republicans exercise the right of bolting by opposing the election of Mr. Blaine, but even the most eminent among those who support him practically acknowledge the right in the abstract, while some of them savagely denounce its actual exercise. Thus General Chamberlain, who bolted the nomination of Mr. Reed for Congress in the late Maine election, and who will vote reluctantly for Mr. Blaine, does not disguise his dissatisfaction with his position, and says, "I do not rebuke others, with whom I sympathize upon general grounds, for taking a course different from mine." Senator Edmunds, in advocating support of the Republican party, and carefully omitting to speak of the candidate, says, "I recognize fully the liberty of belief, of opinion, and of action that belongs to our citizenship." So also Governor Robinson, of Massachusetts, "It is every man's right to think as he will and to vote as he will, and it is his duty, moreover, to vote as his judgment dictates." And Senator Sherman, in Ohio, declares that "it is the highest duty of every citizen in a republic like ours to annually review his political position, and determine for himself which party will be most likely in the pending contest to advance the interests and honor of his country and his State." Mr. Blaine flourished a two-edged sword in his speech of congratulation upon the night of the Maine election by saying, in allusion to the Democrats, "Party discipline is powerless against the convictions of men."

This is all true. It is the doctrine of common-sense and of intelligent patriotism. It is, or it was believed by good Republicans to be, the doctrine of the Republican party. But if it be so, what is the meaning of the cry of "treachery" and "desertion" when a citizen puts the doctrine in practice? If, as Governor Robinson and Senator Sherman say, it is the duty of a good citizen to vote as his judgment dictates, why has such a storm of vituperation raged in the Republican press from San Francisco to Portland against Republicans who act upon the principle which is laid down by the most eminent Republican leaders? When Senator Hoar, with the evident purpose of branding with an offensive and contemptuous epithet those who differ from him, calls them "deserters," he implies that they are doing something which honorably they ought not to do, or that they are acting from some unworthy purpose. He can not mean, of course, that a man who puts into practice the right of opinion which Senator Edmunds maintains, is like a soldier in battle who, from cowardice or treachery, runs away from the ranks. Yet this is what he says of those who are doing precisely what he is himself doing—taking the course which their judgment dictates. In denouncing them as deserters the Senator is merely cracking the party whip and trying to prevent further "desertion," by showing how roundly even distinguished men can abuse their fellow-citizens who follow Senator Sherman's advice, and review their political position to decide how they ought to vote.

Party spirit, as Washington wisely taught us, is always to be watched, and its natural tendencies restrained. The man who feeds and fans its flame to fury seems to us much more a deserter from patriotism and political duty than the man who votes as his conscience approves. To say in effect that a good Republican ought to vote for the devil if he be regularly nominated is not to announce such sound Republican doctrine as we understand Republicanism, as that of the Massachusetts Republican Convention five or six years ago, that the duty of a party man to support the nomination is reciprocal with that of the Convention to make nominations which ought to be supported.

FISHER'S CONTRACT WITH BLAINE.

The following contract was among the papers produced by Mr. Blaine from the Mulligan package. It is practically a duplicate of the entries in Blaine's handwriting in his memorandum-book, printed in our Supplement, but we give it here to make the record complete:

> Boston, *September* 5, 1869.
>
> Whereas, I have this day entered into agreements with A. & P. Coburn, and sundry other parties resident in Maine, to deliver to them certain specified amounts of the common stock, preferred stock, and first mortgage bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad Company, upon said parties paying to me the aggregate sum of $130,000, which several agreements are witnessed by J. G. Blaine, and delivered to said parties by said Blaine:
>
> Now this agreement witnesses, that upon the due fulfillment of the several contracts referred to, by the payment of the $130,000, and for other valuable considerations, the receipt of which is acknowledged, I hereby agree to deliver to J. G. Blaine, or order, as the same come into my hands as assignee of the contract for building the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad, the following securities, namely: Of the land bonds, 7 per cents., $130,000; of the first mortgage bonds, gold, sixes, $32,500. And these $130,000 of land bonds and $32,500 of first mortgage bonds thus agreed to be delivered to said Blaine are over and above the securities agreed to be delivered by Warren Fisher, Jr., assignee, to the parties making the contracts, which parties, with the several amounts to be paid by each and the securities to be received by each, are named in a memorandum on the next page of this sheet.
>
> And it is further agreed that in the event of any one of said parties failing to pay the amount stipulated, then the amount of securities to be delivered to said Blaine under this agreement shall be reduced in the same proportion that the deficit of payment bears to the aggregate amount agreed to be paid.
> Warren Fisher, Jr., *Assignee*.
>
> *Witness:* Alvan R. Flanders.
> [Stamp.]

Here follows a table of names and amounts, which agrees with that found on second and third pages of memorandum-book in Mr. Blaine's handwriting, printed in the Supplement.

FROM MINNESOTA.

A young and prosperous business man in Minnesota, an admirable representative of the best young Republicanism, writes to a friend:

"It is enough that I say that I believe no self-respecting Republican can do otherwise than bolt. I deem the vices of which Mr. Blaine accuses himself as by far the most dangerous of all vices to his party and to the country. His example is insidiously vicious, and to condone or excuse his errors is to blind our sense of what should constitute an upright Republican and public character.

"I do not consider myself less a Republican because I shall vote for Governor Cleveland, for if Republicanism does not stand for honesty, probity, directness of purpose, and an unimpeachable public character, it stands for the opposite of these; and I feel I should be recreant to my Republican principle if I did not protest against a departure from these in my party and its candidate.

"In this boundless West the fires of enthusiasm are supposed to be blazing for him of the draggled plume, but I know of a large number of Republicans who think as I do; and however they may vote, they look upon the nomination and possible election of Mr. Blaine as a calamity."

A SIGNIFICANT THREAT.

In an interview with the *Herald* reporter, Mr. A. M. Clapp says truly, "It was never the intent of the framers of the civil service law to make its operations infringe upon the rights of citizenship by restraining any American from giving of his means to perpetuate good government in the republic." Mr. Clapp is not an authority upon the intent of the reform bill, but he is quite right. The framers of the law certainly had no such absurd intention.

But in the same interview Mr. Clapp says of the government clerks who think that good government will be promoted by the election of Mr. Cleveland: "Those clerks write the committee, in response to circulars sent them soliciting contributions to aid the continuance of power in the hands of the party which is tolerating and feeding them, anonymous letters, which are always cowardly, in effect that they propose to contribute to advance the interests of Cleveland. They fancy that they will escape discovery, but in that they are liable to discover their mistake when it is a little too late for their comfort and safety."

There could be no clearer exposure than this of the view which the assessing committee hold of their own action. They regard the members of the civil service as a "bread-and-butter brigade," which must "come down" handsomely for its commanders, or be dismissed. The right of a citizen to contribute to perpetuate good government means, according to Mr. Clapp's statement, the duty of a clerk to give money to the party of the Administration, or to take the consequences. These two views do not "consist." Mr. Clapp will remember that the judge advised the prisoner that next time he should wear a longer coat or steal a shorter fish. Every citizen in the service of the government has the same right with all other citizens to give what he chooses for any honest purpose, provided that he does not give in a way which the law forbids. But this right is not equal with that of all other citizens if he can not give or refrain from giving without endangering in the least degree his "comfort and safety." If Mr. Clapp is correctly reported, not only is the circular a virtual threat, but he announces that the threat will be executed. Yet we are told that not to vote with Mr. Clapp for Mr. Blaine is to abandon reform.

THE KING AND THE CHOLERA.

In these days, when king-killers are abroad, no sovereign in Europe has done more to prop up the fabric of royalty, to revive popular faith in the divinity that doth hedge a king, and to make the throne the object of respect and homage, than the monarch of Italy. In visiting the cholera hospitals of Naples and lavishing bounty on the sufferers, King Humbert has exhibited those qualities of courage, generosity, and sympathy with the misfortunes of his people which so endeared his father to the hearts of his subjects. The house of Savoy is very far from being a saintly one. Victor Emanuel, like Henry of Navarre, could never have posed as an ascetic, and Humbert I. comes honestly by his own faults. But at least there is no jot of cowardice in his veins, as there was none in the veins of the *Re Galantuomo*.

It was no spurious peril that King Humbert encountered, since the priest who accompanied him to the bedside of Busca has fallen a victim to the plague. Nor was his fearlessness a theatrical display, since that could have been secured by a visit to the hospitals alone, whereas the monarch picked his way also amongst the vilest of the city's slums, from which he might well have shrunk with disgust, apart from the added terrors of the pestilence. To enter the hospital wards was a brave act; but to penetrate into the depths where filth and ignorance alone held sway was to tempt fate from the bewildered desperation of the wretched and superstitious who were striking at their benefactors. Finally, King Humbert made no mere hasty dash into danger, since he ran the gauntlet of contagion day after day.

While this was going on in Italy, the Czar of Russia was surrounding himself in Warsaw with barricades of policemen and soldiery to guard against the approach of his people. Under dire penalties citizens were shut up within their houses as if their presence was infection and pollution. Hundreds of them were arrested on suspicion of being assassins, and some may expiate hypothetical crimes by life-long exile in Siberia. What was heralded as a friendly visit of their ruler became to them a curse. Could historic contrast be greater than these two synchronous pictures—Humbert in Naples and Alexander in Warsaw?

PERSONAL.

Miss Cobbe thinks that the position of women is improving. Fifty years ago, one Ash-Wednesday, in England, she heard the principal of a young ladies' school tell her pupils, after giving them salt fish and roast mutton for dinner, that fasting was very meritorious, and that they were free to take meat or not, as they pleased, but that it was to be hoped they would fast—it would be good for their souls and their figures.

—President Arthur is talked of for the presidency of Union College after his reign at Washington. He is a graduate of the institution, and if elected would still be President Arthur.

—The celebrated English painter G. F. Watts, whose highly imaginative works are soon to be exhibited in this city, was the first husband of Ellen Terry. He did not suit the charming actress, and she left him for an architect named Godwin. Her present husband is an actor named Charles Kelly, with whom, however, she does not live.

—William Earl Dodge, grandson of William E. Dodge, and a member of the firm of Phelps, Dodge, & Co., who died recently at Riverdale, New York, in his twenty-sixth year, was a graduate of Princeton, and at his funeral Dr. McCosh said: "He was the most influential man in his class, and he was one of the few students with whom I conferred as to class matters. I had anticipated for him a long career of usefulness, and looked upon him as the one on whom his venerated grandfather's mantle had fallen."

—Miss Anderson has been telling a London reporter that during her late tour of six weeks to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, and Birmingham, she met "audiences of a generous and enthusiastic character, and my efforts to please them were recognized most cordially. The Scotch people I found more eager and responsive than I had expected them to be; they are not a cold people, but equally warm-hearted and intellectual."

—Miss Grace P. Furniss, of Bergen Point, heard a burglar down-stairs at midnight. She got out of bed, seized her revolver, stepped softly to the dining-room, and just as she opened the door received a shot in her left arm from the intruder. Instead of fainting, she fired her own weapon, and he made his exit. The heroine is a daughter of Mrs. Louise E. Furniss, whose graceful pen is known to readers of Harper's Magazine.

—De Nittis, the Italian painter, who died recently in Paris, was told by King Humbert a few years ago that "Italian artists should work at Rome on Roman subjects." "Sire," he replied, "had I remained in Rome I surely should not enjoy the reputation I have. It is to Paris that I owe the pleasure of being claimed by Italians as a compatriot." This story is of a kind to be appreciated by American artists who have been successful abroad.

—An interesting story about President Eliphalet N. Potter, formerly of Union College, now of Hobart College, is told by the Hon. James M. Woolworth, Chancellor of the Episcopal diocese of Nebraska. Dr. Potter, who was making a tour of that State, learned one day that a cow-boy named Wilson, who had tied a man on a horse's back and sent him adrift on the prairies, was caught and about to be hanged. The doctor drove to the place, and begged the unfortunate Wilson's life of the two cow-boys who were guarding him. Entreaty and prayer were of no avail, and the stalwart clergyman gave them a good thrashing and unbound their prisoner, who saddled a pony and escaped. All the ranchmen of the region are enthusiastic over the affair, praising Dr. Potter's plucky feat with a superfluity of Western expletives.

—The late Duke of Wellington, son of the Iron Duke, says that the famous words attributed to his father, "Up, Guards, and at them," were really uttered by Lord Saltoun; or rather that the latter's correct words were, "Up, Guards, and fire low." The Iron Duke's horse Copenhagen came from Spain, and was ridden by the great soldier during all his Spanish campaigns. When the animal was buried in Strathfieldsaye Park, England, the old Duke, then very infirm and feeble, surprised his family and servants by appearing at the ceremony. He had one of his hoofs made into an inkstand.

—Mr. Myone, Foreign Minister of Japan, lives in a beautiful cottage in the neighborhood of Tokio. It is furnished partly in the European and partly in the Japanese style. The hard woods used in the interior are highly polished. The coloring of the walls would please a French artist.

—The famous French chemist M. Chevreul, now ninety-nine years old, has told a friend "the secret of long living." "I have never been a pessimist," he says, "and I have cautiously kept myself from being too much of an optimist. Let us not trouble ourselves about to-morrow. Let us enjoy the present. I had a model of a wife, the mother of a most exemplary family. She has left me a posterity that I love, and by whom I am loved. Why, one of my little great-granddaughters—she is three years old—salutes the bust of her old great-grandfather every morning. I have always put in practice the adage, 'Seek and ye shall find.' I have sought and I have always found something, at the domestic fireside as well as in the laboratory."

—Secretary of State Frederick T. Frelinghuysen has a farm of three hundred acres on the Raritan River in New Jersey, with much promising young stock, and a commodious house of Revolutionary times. He recently entertained the President there.

—Alma-Tadema contributes to the Royal Academy Exhibition of Berlin a life-size portrait of his daughter. A shell necklace encircles her neck, and she wears a gray dress.

—Dr. Damrosch will leave Bremen for New York on the 1st of October. His season of German opera at the Metropolitan Opera-house will consist of fifty nights, and on twenty of them Frau Materna will sing. Dr. Damrosch has already displayed unexpected abilities as an impresario, and as the directors of the Metropolitan have promised that he shall not be crippled financially, we expect that he will leap to the front rank in his new profession.

—Rev. George Brown, now of Sydney, New South Wales, and formerly a missionary to the New Britain group of islands, has presented to Columbia College a grammar and dictionary of the Duke of York Island, of the New Britain group. There are but two copies of the work in existence, and this copy is the only one in America. It is a manuscript volume of 328 quarto pages.

—Mrs. Winfield S. Hancock has received from Sir Moses Montefiore, whose centenary will be celebrated all over the civilized world on the 24th of October, some very artistic wood-carvings, accompanied by an autograph letter. She has returned the courtesy by composing for Sir Moses a piece of music in honor of his hundredth birthday.

—Mrs. George W. Cullom, who died a few days ago of cancer, at Newport, was the granddaughter of Alexander Hamilton. Her first husband was General Henry W. Hallock. She gave fifty thousand dollars to the Cancer Hospital on Ninth Avenue near Seventieth Street. She was a lady of remarkable personal beauty and loveliness of character.

—A daughter of Dr. Pavy, the physician of the Greely expedition, who died at Cape Sabine, lives in Paris, Kentucky. She is a little girl, and her father left no money for her support.

—A week before he died the late Judge Folger wrote to a friend in Albany: "I am at home sick; but I can read a book, and doing so this forenoon, I strike this, which may amuse you and lead you to look up the piece: 'Lucian wrote a whimsical piece called *Dike Phoneenton*, the lawsuit of the vowels.' Had I access to books here, I would search for it; but alas! I can walk but a few steps at a time, and to climb a library step-ladder would be stepping into futurity."

—Mr. Hubert Herkomer is building a mediæval tower at Lech, Bavaria, his birth-place. It will contain five rooms, and be used as a studio. Many of its decorative pieces will be of hammered iron, Mr. Herkomer, like Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, having a keen appreciation of the artistic possibilities of that metal, as well as a practical acquaintance with them.

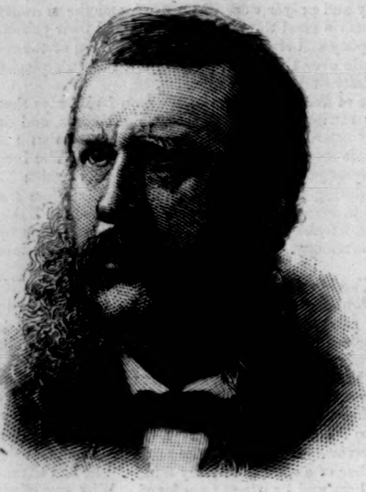
—The "King of Cyprus," as he entitled himself, has died in St. Petersburg. His name was Colonel Louis de Lusignan, and his descent was from the Crusaders and the Lusignans of France. A soldier in the Russian army, he nevertheless preserved the hope of becoming King of Cyprus and Armenia, and advanced his claims with the persistency of a Henry V. as often as a crisis arose in the affairs of the Ottoman Empire. When Lord Beaconsfield attached Cyprus to the English Empire he issued a solemn protest, and demanded from Turkey a bonus of $100,000,000 for the surrender of his rights. He was an excellent specimen of the almost extinct species of royal pretenders.

—"I would sooner have the cordial support of the women in an audience than the men," says Mr. Robert Mantell, the actor; "first, because they lead the men, and secondly, because they are always able to catch the finer points of a play more quickly than the coarser part of the audience."

—Du Maurier's studio is described as lighted by two large mullioned windows. An Indian matting dado runs around its walls, and above this a sage-green paper, adorned with mythic forms of fruit. The carved stone chimney-piece supports a reduction of the Venus of Milo, and a pedestal clock of ancient date ticks on a bracket. There is a semi-grand piano of oak and brass, at which the artist and many of his friends have often "uttered themselves in song." The orange-tawny skin of his famous dog Chang, nearly eight feet long from tip to tip, hangs opposite. Du Maurier's lasting affection for that fine brave beast is well known.

—Frenchmen claim that the inventor of the steamboat was not Robert Fulton, but one of their own countrymen, Jouffroy. They raised a statue to his memory at Besançon on the 18th of August, in which he is represented as standing thoughtful, with one hand on his first steam-engine. The Minister of Public Works, who unveiled the statue, coupled the names of Jouffroy and De Lesseps—the one the inventor of the steamboat, the other the enlarger of the sphere of its use. But Robert Fulton is good enough for us.

—The new rector of Grace Church, the Rev. William R. Huntington, D.D., has assumed his duties, after a preliminary rest in Europe of several months. He has been a minister for twenty years, has written a number of theological works, and has served as chairman of the committee on the revision of the Prayer-book. A portrait and sketch of Dr. Huntington appeared in Harper's Weekly for December 22 of last year, about the time of his election to his present position as successor to Assistant-Bishop Henry C. Potter, who has long been his personal friend, and at whose instance his name was first suggested to the vestry of Grace Church. Dr. Huntington's advent in this city is a social acquisition of importance.



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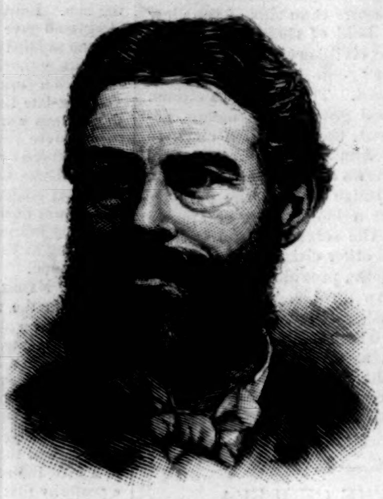

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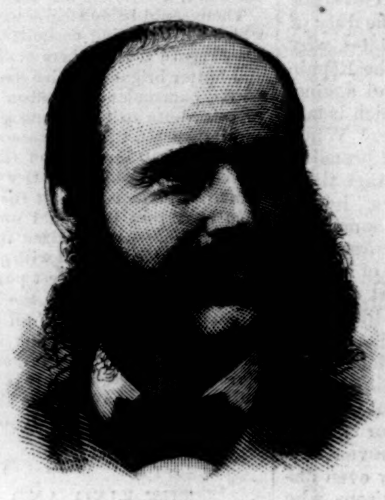

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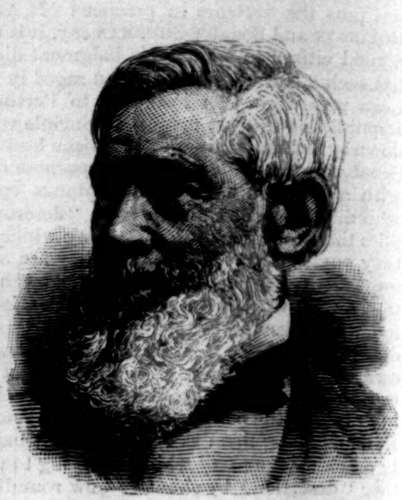

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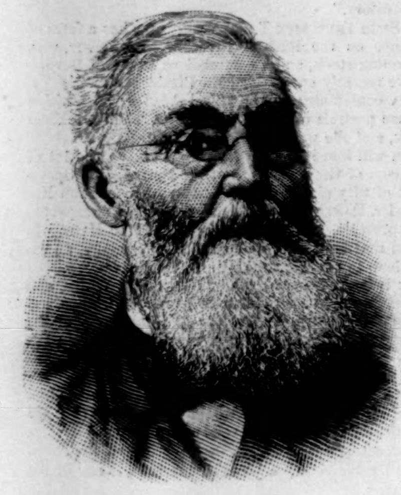

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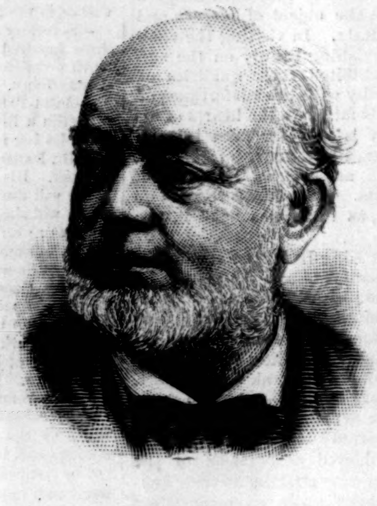

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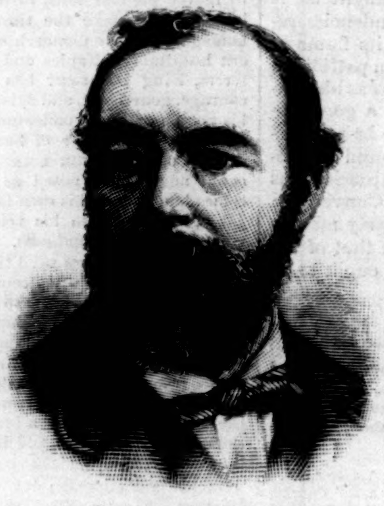

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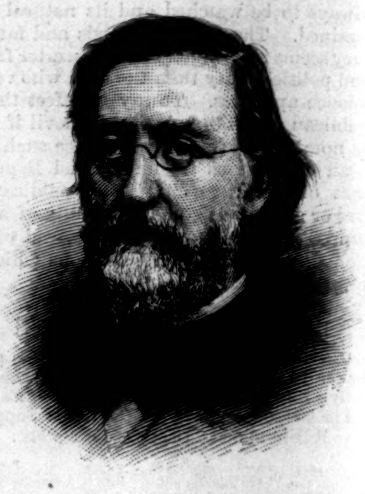

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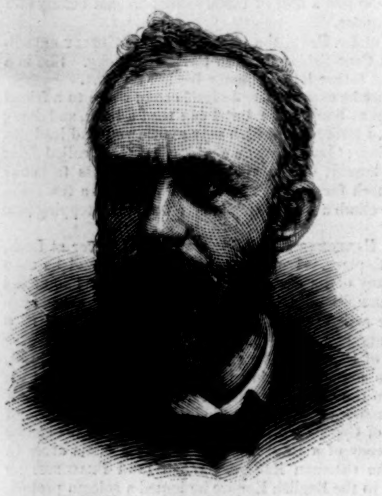

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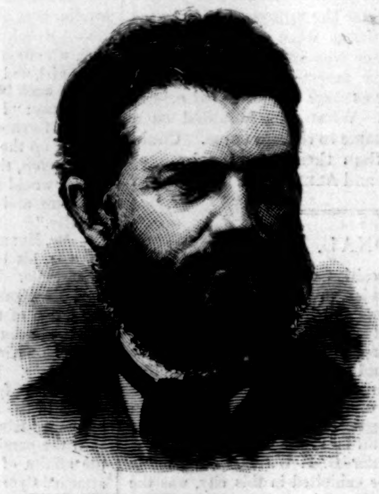

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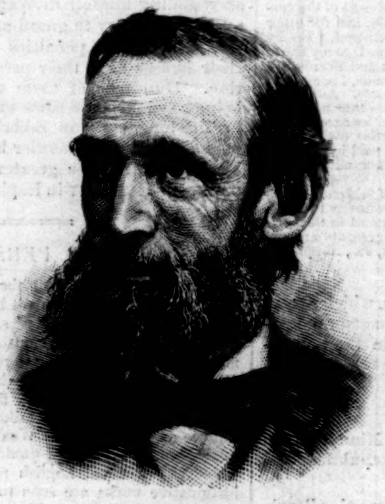

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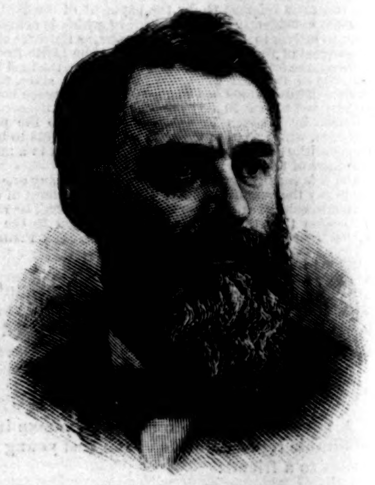

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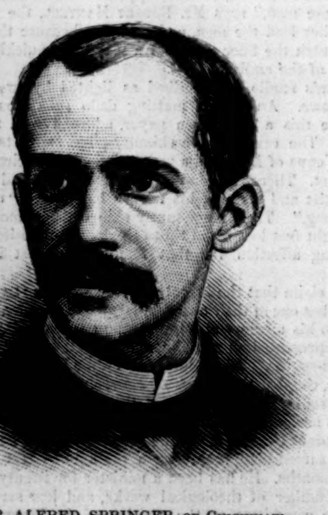

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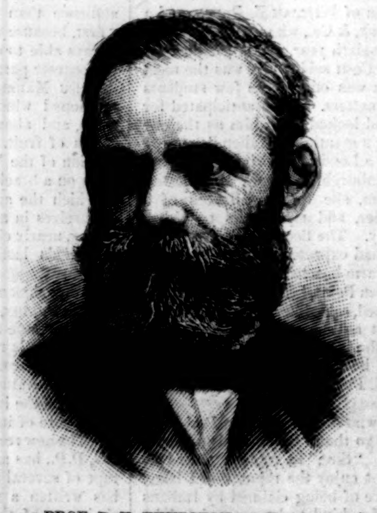

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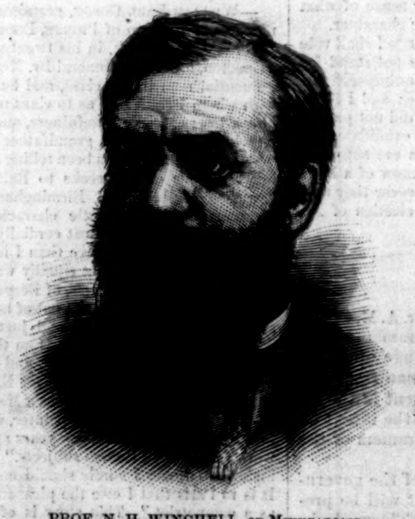

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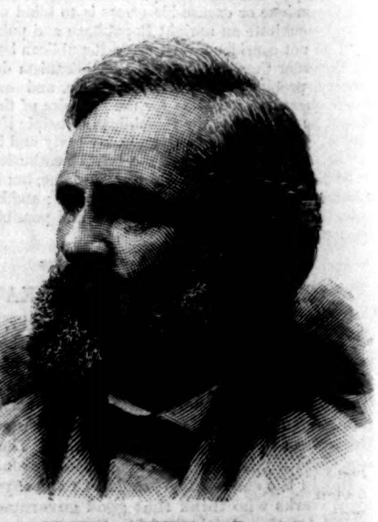
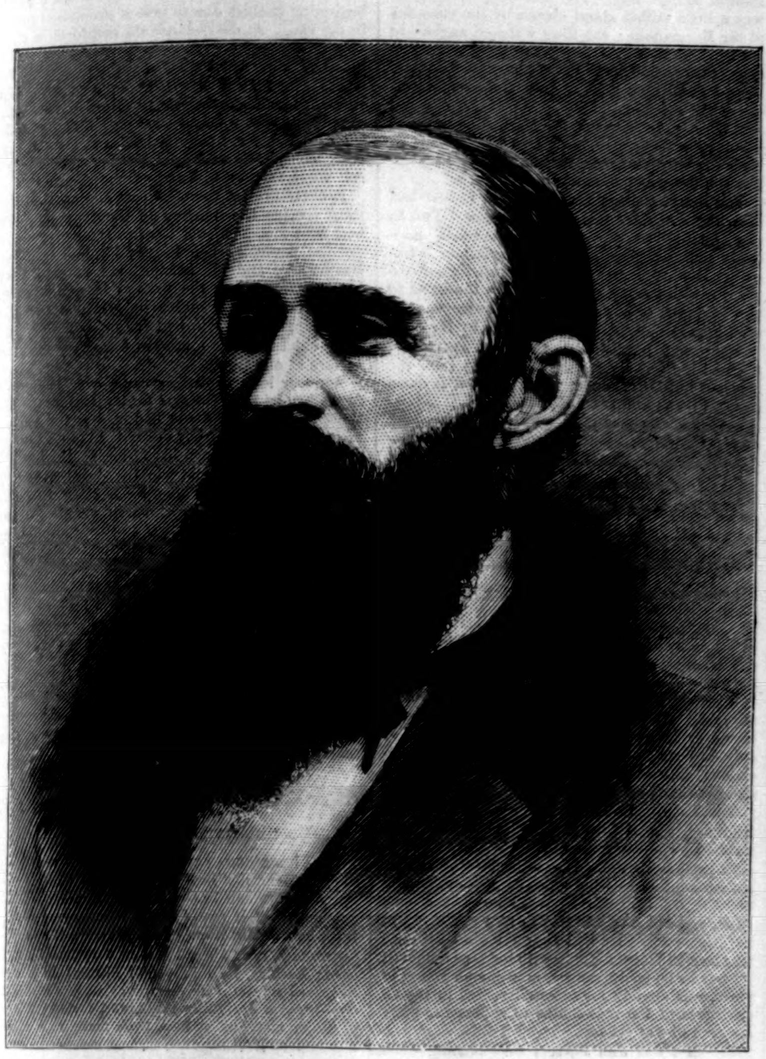
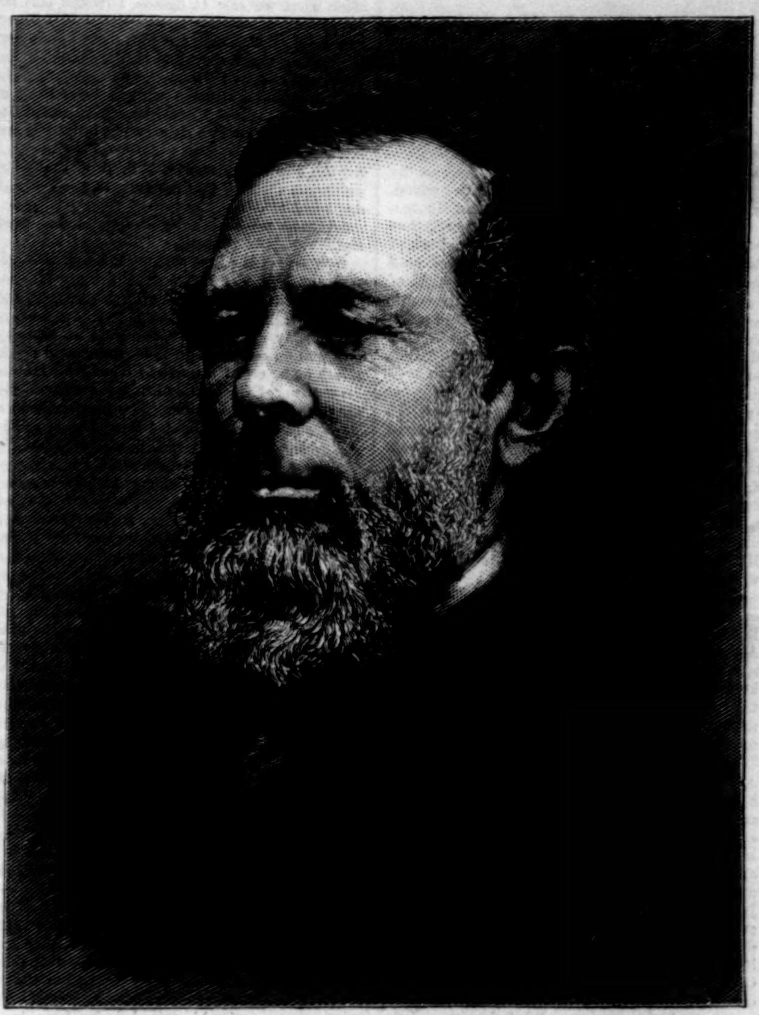


PROF. C. A. YOUNG, of Princeton.
Late President.

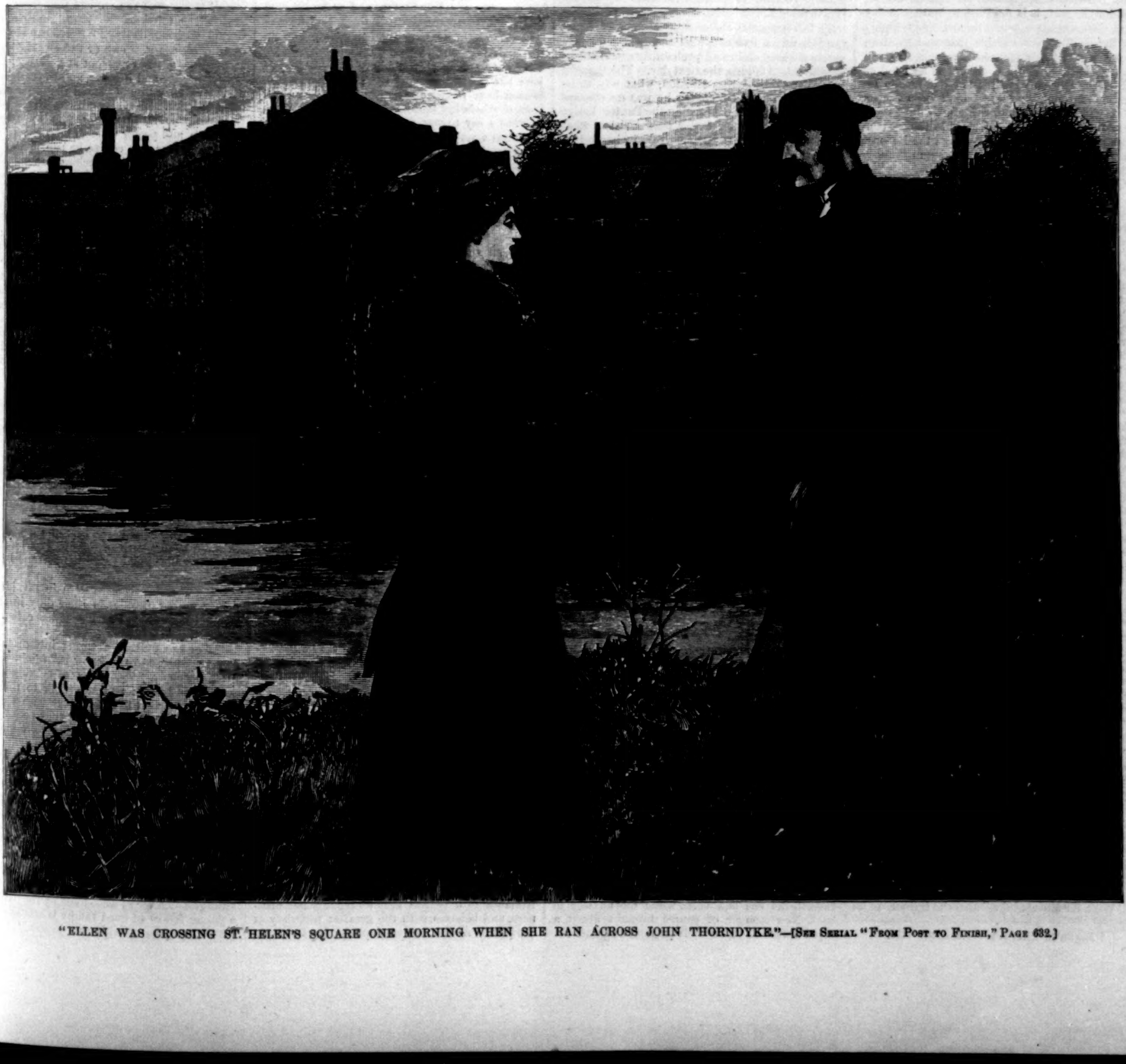
THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE AT PHILADELPHIA—PORTRAITS OF SOME PROMINENT MEMBERS.
From Photographs principally by W. Curtis Taylor, Philadelphia.—[See Page 633.]



THE HON. JAMES W. DAWES, OF NEBRASKA.—Photographed by Noble.—[See Page 633.]



THE LATE ROBERT HOE.—Photographed by Rockwood.—[See Page 633.]



"ELLEN WAS CROSSING ST. HELEN'S SQUARE ONE MORNING WHEN SHE RAN ACROSS JOHN THORNDYKE."—[See Serial "From Post to Finish," Page 632.]

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Breezie Langton," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE JULYS.

But the long, glorious July days have arrived, and with them come not only the end of the season—a circumstance with which this story has little to do—but that large meeting at the back of the Ditch, where we all wear the lightest and most unconventional costumes, the slouchiest of hats, where we smoke endless cigars, consume cup by the pailful, commit flirtation unlimited, and back winners unceasingly, at least, as Whyte-Melville sings (on quite another subject), "It is so we are trained and taught." But, ah me! these trainers and teachers! When we come away at the end of the week we find that the grass must have been damp, and that we have caught a severe cold, that those buckets of cup have not agreed with us, that a dozen cigars a day make one feel dreadfully "chippy" in the morning; we have misgivings that we have said a good deal more to Mrs. Golightly than was quite discreet, and, above all, a sad conviction that our Monday's account is very much the reverse of a winning one.

Still, what veteran punter or juvenile plunger ever misses that quiet meeting at the back of the Ditch held in the dog-days? The Golconda of Ascot has failed us, and the Ophir of Goodwood is yet to come. That the racing at the Newmarket July Meeting is good is notorious, and it certainly is regarded as a battle-field upon which the hungry backer is apt to get the better of his natural enemy the book-maker.

Sir Marmaduke had been a prominent figure at Ascot, where the betting had been unusually heavy. The Baronet's speculations had been not only successful, but of a magnitude rarely witnessed. It was known that he had been a very heavy loser this year, notably over the Two Thousand and Derby, in both of which he had supported not only his own horses, but in the latter race the Dancing Master as well, believing him to be a thoroughly good horse, and it was further announced that he had declared it was only money lent, and that he would win it all back before Goodwood. The Ring looked somewhat glum over the Ascot settling; it had been one of those sunny weeks so rarely vouchsafed to the gentlemen, and most of the leading turfites had been good winners over the meetings, whilst as for Sir Marmaduke, the book-makers vowed he had gone pretty near to fulfilling his boast.

The Baronet was installed at Panton Lodge, eager for the fray, it is needless to state, the day before the meeting began. Report spoke highly of a flying filly in his stable that was to make her début in the July Stakes. Atalanta was said to be a veritable clipper. She was as good as Bushranger at even weights; she had beaten Pibroch at ten pounds; there hadn't been such a filly seen on the Heath since Crucifix's day; these and many more such *canards* were in the air concerning her, and it was no secret that the Baronet had trusted her with a very large sum of money in the forth-coming race.

"It is very awkward, Sir Marmaduke," said Mr. Pipes, "who had ridden down from the stables as soon as he found his patron had arrived, and requested an audience, "but it might have been worse. Something might have happened to the filly instead of to her jockey."

"There's no chance whatever, I suppose, of Blackton being able to ride?" inquired the Baronet.

"None. I went to see him again just before I came up. He's quite comfortable, and there's no more harm than a broken collar. It's set, and he'll soon be about again, and well as ever, but it's no use thinking about his riding this meeting, or even at Goodwood. The bone won't be knit firm enough to rely upon."

"How did it happen?" inquired Sir Marmaduke.

"He was giving Pibroch a pretty sharp gallop, and the lad who was busy unsheeting Atalanta threw the head-piece over his shoulder—careless young idiot! Pibroch shied badly at it, and shot Blackton over his shoulder, and a broken collarbone was the result."

"It's deuced lucky, Pipes, I engaged that lad Forrest to ride. I suppose we must put him up."

"There's nothing else for it, Sir Marmaduke. I don't like putting a lad up with so little experience, especially when I hear you have got such a lot of money on it. But he's as good as any one it's possible to get now."

"And the filly's all right, eh?"

"She's fit to run for her life, Sir Marmaduke, and in my opinion should win. One never can quite tell in a field of youngsters, but you know how very high we have tried ours, and I can only say, if one turns up to beat her, it must be a very, very smart colt indeed."

"I suppose all Newmarket knows about Blackton's accident by this?"

"Yes; and I dare say it's been wired to town; besides, only on my way here Broughton hailed me—he'd just arrived—with 'Filly all right, Pipes, I hope? They're laying rather easier odds to-day in London against her.'"

"Ah! gone back in the betting, has she? I hadn't time to go down to Tattersall's before I left. Never mind, I'll stroll down to the Rooms this evening, and if any of the book-makers open their mouths too wide, I'll have another thousand on."

"Well, Sir Marmaduke," said the trainer, as he took up his hat, "I can only say Atalanta's good enough to win nineteen Julys out of twenty; and after what we saw at Epsom, I reckon this lad Forrest's good enough to win on the best horse, and I fancy we shall see him do it to-morrow. By-the-way, sir, if they give him a chance in the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, and as third in the Two Thousand and only fourth in the Derby they can't put a big weight on him, Pibroch ought to take a deal of doing. He's wonderfully well just now."

"Ah, Pipes, time enough to think of that when we've got through this meeting, and carried off the Julys."

"I hope we sha'n't be disappointed. Good-night, Sir Marmaduke."

Now one of the first persons to know of Blackton's mishap was Cuthbert Elliston. He had come down to Newmarket, after his wont, on Saturday to take stock of the morning gallops on the Sunday and Monday, and pick up as much information concerning the horses trained on the Heath as he could manage to come by. He and his partner Sam Pearson divided their duties somewhat in this fashion. The lawyer, living at York, chiefly superintended their horses at Riddleton, and to him the collection of all racing information from the northern stables was intrusted. The horses at Greyson's were chiefly owned jointly, though each had one or two exclusively his own individual property. They sometimes differed about the policy of buying this or that, and the Dancing Master had become Elliston's exclusive property in this wise, Pearson having no fancy for the horse, while his partner thought well of him. To Elliston, living in London, and so within easy distance of Newmarket, the gathering of news from the south-country stables and most of their joint betting transactions were intrusted, and in watching the gallops on the Monday he witnessed Blackton's mishap. Of course the two men constantly amalgamated, Pearson usually coming south for all important meetings, just as Elliston went north for York and Doncaster. The two partners differed in one thing—the lawyer was very much the more cautious of the two, and never could be persuaded to play for such bold *coups* as his associate. He might not win so big a stake as Elliston, but then, on the other hand, Sam Pearson never stood to be hit anything like so hard as his associate.

Cuddie Elliston having had his quil feathers most ruthlessly plucked in the days of his youth, had, when he turned hawk, developed that overwhelming rapacity that characterizes the dog when it takes to sheep-worrying. Like that relentless marauder, which will run a score of sheep to death to gratify his carnal desire for a leg of mutton, so would Elliston stick at no trifles to arrive at the possession of a hundred pounds; and the more tortuous and dubious the path that led to its acquirement, the greater the fascination the pursuit seemed to present to him. To an old turfite like Elliston the consequences of Blackton's fall presented themselves at once. He saw the fall was a bad one, that the jockey was severely shaken, and in all probability would not be able to ride Atalanta the next day. The thought at once flashed across Elliston, what was to be got out of this? Of course he was *au courant* with all the rumors concerning the Panton Lodge crack, but none knew better than Elliston what a difference the want of a capable jockey might make to a horse's prospects. He rapidly ran over in his mind whom Bobbie Pipes, as he called him, could get to take Blackton's place. He knew the riding obligations of all the leading horsemen at Newmarket, and speedily arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Pipes would have to be content with a very inferior artist in the saddle upon this occasion. Now what was to be made of this little bit of information that had come to him early and unexpectedly? To the majority of men it would seem nothing, but Cuthbert Elliston's scheming brain was not long before it evolved something out of the accident that might tend to its owner's advantage.

There was in the Julys a horse called Newsmonger, about which Elliston possessed excellent information. It had been tried considerably above an average two-year-old, and the stable were very sanguine about its chance should any mistake have been made with regard to Atalanta. Tom Pycroft, one of the half-dozen first-class horsemen of the day, was the accredited jockey of the owner, and Elliston at once jumped to the conclusion that he would be something like seven pounds better than any rider it was now possible for the Panton Lodge people to get hold of for their filly. Atalanta might be a flyer; but an artist like Pycroft, with a clever colt like Newsmonger under him, was quite likely to outride whatever boy Mr. Pipes might now be able to pick up. The deduction was obvious: he had already backed Newsmonger for a little, but now he would telegraph to town at once, and go for a rattling good stake upon that animal; and Elliston rode straight off to the office, and acted at once upon this inspiration. This it was that had a depreciating effect upon the status of Atalanta in the price current on the great turf exchange.

Elliston was very well pleased when he found on the arrival of the special that the filly had deteriorated in the London turf market, and chuckled over his own astuteness in having so promptly taken advantage of the accident, thereby procuring a longer price against Newsmonger than was now obtainable; but when he strolled into the Rooms in the evening, he was destined to be somewhat put out of conceit with the result of his manœuvre. At first it certainly seemed as if Blackton's fall had brought about the very consequences he had foreseen; but he forgot, as people sometimes will, that he had contributed not a little toward the fulfillment of his own prophecy. Atalanta was evidently not so firm a favorite as she had been, while the anxiety to back Newsmonger of course brought about a rapid reduction in the odds proffered against the Panton Lodge filly. The babbling of tongues was a little stilled about eleven by the entrance of Sir Marmaduke; the Ring watched eagerly to see what he would do, for by this time Blackton's accident was known to every one, and that Atalanta was without a jockey was the current gossip of the evening.

"Want to back yours, Sir Marmaduke?" said a knowing little man, with eyes like gimlets in their capacity for going through one. "Let me put you down two monkeys to one once."

The Baronet shook his head. Six to four had been the best offer yesterday, and now "Two to one Atalanta" resounded through the room. Suddenly the stentorian voice of a leviathan book-maker from the hardware country rose high above the din with the cry of "Here's five thousand to two Atalanta, or any part of it." Twice was the offer repeated, apparently unheeded by Sir Marmaduke, but hardly had the bold speculator shouted his war-cry for the third time than the Baronet quietly rejoined, "You can put it down to me, Plyant, and twice if you like."

But he of the hardware country shook his head as he answered, "Once is enough, Sir Marmaduke."

"I'll take two thousand to a thousand Atalanta," roared Bob Boughton, and with that the reaction set in like a mill-stream, and another half-hour saw the filly once more firmly established as first favorite at her old price.

"Have you heard whom they have got to ride Atalanta?" inquired Elliston of a friend who left the Rooms with him.

"No; and I'm puzzled to think who it can be. It is so easy to say who it can't, and I know Reardon is going to run that brute Hemlock, just to keep Job Temple off the filly's back. He stands badly against her, and has gone for Newsmonger, and, as luck will have it, has first call of Temple. He never dreamed of running Hemlock, which is only half trained, till he heard of Blackton's accident. Nevertheless, from the way Sir Marmaduke snapped up Plyant, it looks as if they had got hold of somebody they consider good enough. However, the Baronet's always sanguine, and maybe they haven't, after all."

Elliston as he walked home began to fear that his speculation was not quite so good as he had thought it. Still, Sir Marmaduke was a cool hand, and not likely to blench at a slight fall in the barometer. He had shown more than once that he could meet disaster with quite as unmoved a front as he could victory, and though young in years, was already far too well versed in the vicissitudes of the race-course to expect the glass always to be at set fair.

Jubilant was Jim Forrest that evening when summoned by Mr. Pipes to an audience at the Panton Lodge stables, adjoining which the trainer's comfortable house stood, to find for what he was wanted. It was a great chance to be on the crack of such a powerful stable in a big two-year-old race like the July Stakes, and as he listened to Mr. Pipes's instructions, Jim felt that he was on the verge of winning another step or two up the ladder.

"I reckon, Forrest, you'll have a tolerably easy job; but remember men at the top of your profession have fooled away races again and again from overbelief of that kind. Now pay attention to what I say to you, and remember Sir Marmaduke has a very big stake on the result. You're going to ride on one I've tried as high as ever I did try one, and I believe she's a thorough stayer besides. I want you to get well off, and take a good place from the beginning, and keep it. Half-way up the distance come right away; don't ride her head off, but don't let any of the old hands near you at the finish. It's no use fighting a race out with them before you're obliged. Some of the layers will wear wry faces to-morrow when they see you up. They've all heard of Blackton's accident, and fancy we're fairly heaped for some one to ride."

"All right, Mr. Pipes," replied Forrest; "there's no fear of my forgetting those orders, and don't be afraid of my attempting a fine finish unless I'm compelled."

"He's grit, and will do his best," muttered the trainer, as Jim took his departure; "but the chap didn't begin in a stable, I'll take my oath."

There was considerable excitement when the saddling bell rang next day for the July Stakes. Atalanta was a hotter favorite than ever, and Sir Marmaduke had completely cowed the Ring by accepting fifteen hundred to a thousand about her chance, and offering to *go on*. Most of the leading book-makers closed their volumes as far as the filly was concerned, and declined even to make an offer against her. About who was to ride her there was also much curiosity and equal mystery. Those most closely connected with the stable said truthfully that they did not know, but that Sir Marmaduke declared it was all right, and she would win easily, and the Baronet had indorsed this statement by his transactions in the betting ring an hour ago. Up go the numbers, and then all the world knows that it is Jim Forrest who is going to ride Atalanta—a young jockey, it is true; still, it is fresh in the memory of all race-goers that he won the Two Thousand on a very queer-tempered one, and fairly beat Blackton himself in a ding-dong struggle for third place at Epsom. Atalanta pleases all judges who go to see her saddled marvellously. She looks a galloper all over, and is obviously trained to the hour. Shorter and shorter grow the odds against her, till at last she is fairly established at evens against the field. The Newsmonger men rather lose heart, and cease supporting their horse in face of the way the money is literally poured down upon the Panton Lodge filly.

As he canters down to the post, Jim discovers with much satisfaction that he has a much pleasanter mount than he had in the Two Thousand. Atalanta is a perfect lady as regards her manners, and behaves with the greatest propriety at the post. At the first attempt the flag falls to a capital start, and the filly proving herself a good beginning enables Jim to take a prominent place in the van. At the distance the comfortable conviction begins to steal over him that he holds his field safe, but riding strictly to orders, he comes clean away half-way up, and although Newsmonger makes a gallant effort in Pycroft's practiced hands to come away with him, he holds his own but for a few strides, and then drops back completely outpaced, leaving Atalanta to run home an easy winner by three lengths.

Backers are for the most part jubilant, but the Ring receive the hoisting of the filly's number with that moody silence wont to steal over them for the moment when heavily hit, and that Sir Marmaduke and his friends have taken a very large stake out of the fielders is well known. The Panton Lodge stable held it one of "the best things" they had had for many a day, and their chief and his followers were very dashing bettors at any time.

A queer look of dismay came over Elliston's face when he saw who was to ride Atalanta. He thought of what Pearson had said at the spring meeting. Was this boy destined to cross him at every turn, and avenge his father? He felt intuitively that he would win the Julys, although there was no great sagacity necessary to come to that conclusion, for although unable all the morning to discover who was to ride Atalanta, he had learned that she possessed the implicit confidence of the stable, that she was very good-tempered and tractable, and, in short, was an animal, to use the stereotyped phrase, that a child could ride. Elliston had seen quite enough already of Jim Forrest in the saddle not to doubt his ability to do justice to Sir Marmaduke's filly, and backed it also for a little at the last. It was not that he had had such a very bad race, but he is haunted with the superstition that the strange apparition of Gerald Rockingham on the race-course is destined to work his destruction.

CHAPTER XXII.

"HOW VERY DISGRACEFUL!"

Miss Rockingham was sadly put out when she thought over her brother's relation with Dollie. For a gentleman in Gerald's position—she little guessed what it really was—to keep up such a farce as this flirtation with Bill Greyson's daughter was not only absurd, but in very bad taste to boot; besides, he might find himself in a very awkward scrape if he was not careful. Dollie no doubt was a designing minx, and for the life of her Ellen could never have been made to see that a penniless Rockingham, without a settled design for earning his own living, was no great catch, after all, for even a girl like Dollie. How was she to get hold of Gerald's address? It was high time somebody spoke seriously to him about the miserable entanglement. Ellen, though she thoroughly recognized the change that their father's death and altered circumstances had wrought in Gerald, still could not quite resign the ascendency of an elder sister. Two or three years' seniority at one time of life represent at least half a dozen between sister and brother, and the former is occasionally slow to understand the latter claiming independence. We have all experience of some relatives who steadfastly ignore that we have grown up, and pester us with unasked-for advice till their or our own course be run.

However, what Miss Rockingham might have to say to her brother necessarily remained for the present unsaid, though whether that is altogether to the benefit of the future recipient I am not clear. Sometimes, there is no doubt, the dose of good advice stored up for us evaporates; sometimes circumstances occur that point out the futility of administering it; but there are times when it takes a cumulative tendency, and then no power can prevent the possessor from favoring us with the result of such thoughtful interest on our behalf.

Ellen was crossing St. Helen's Square one morning, still pondering over what Gerald might be doing, and why he should make a mystery of his proceedings, when she ran across John Thorndyke.

"Good-morning, Miss Rockingham. Have you seen what a wonderful house Mr. Grudson is building out toward Acomb? You don't know him, I suppose?"

"Only by name. He is one of the new people about here, is he not? Made his money as a manufacturer, I think."

"Yes; but the family is well known round York, where they have been yeoman farmers for generations. This is the first of them who, conforming to the spirit of the age, has left the traditional groove, and made his fortune by so doing."

"I am rather conservative in my ideas, and prefer seeing people do their duty in that station of life to which Providence has called them," replied Ellen, coldly.

"You are putting a wrong interpretation on that sentence, and you know it," rejoined Thorndyke, seriously. "The mass of mankind have to earn their bread; and according to their capabilities so does the choice rest with them how they will do it, and providing they conscientiously do their best in the path they have chosen, so are they doing their duty."

"You misunderstand me, Mr. Thorndyke," said Ellen, in some confusion at the rebuke she felt she had well merited. "I only meant that I am opposed to what is termed in these days the fusion of classes."

"Ah! it's useless swimming against the stream. All that rigid demarkation of classes is a thing of the past; clean gone, Miss Rockingham. Dukes put their sons into trade in these times, and cotton-spinners wed with the Peerage, while—strangest caprice of all—I see by the papers that a young fellow of good family is actually getting his living at Newmarket as a jockey."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1439.

"How very disgraceful!" said Ellen.

"Well, I don't know; I presume he found he had it to get, and perhaps it was the work he was best fitted for. Anyway, you will admit it to be more honorable than living on his friends."

"Yes; but it's shocking to think of a gentleman in such a menial situation."

"I don't go racing now," rejoined Thorndyke; "but from all I hear, jockeys don't view themselves at all in that light. The present generation of racing men have utterly spoiled them by treating them almost as equals; their heads have been turned; and a more arrogant set of little monkeys, I'm told, don't exist. Still, Miss Rockingham, apropos to the newspaper *canard*, which is probably mere gossip, with no basis of truth in it, when a man, especially a gentleman, is suddenly called on from circumstances to get his own bread and cheese, it isn't, believe me, a matter of choice. For the most part he has to take such work as falls to his hand, and that he feels competent to cope with."

"Yes; and it is that which makes us so uneasy about my brother. That we are a ruined family you must, of course, have heard. We're too well known in the East Riding for our troubles not to be county talk; and I may confess to you as a friend, if you will allow me to call you so—thanks, Mr. Thorndyke; but I don't require protestations," interrupted Ellen, as the Rector was about to make vigorous protest of his assenting—"that we can neither make out what Gerald is doing, nor where he is."

"It is almost superfluous to say, Miss Rockingham, that I would help you if I could; but further than the fact that you do possess a younger brother, I know nothing."

"Not likely you would," replied Ellen, with a faint smile—"not likely you will; but should accident throw any information in your way concerning him, please don't forget how anxious I am to learn something about him. His not writing is inexplicable."

"You may depend upon me, Miss Rockingham," said John Thorndyke, as he raised his hat.

Sometimes Ellen wished she could see Dollie again. It was possible if they met, she thought, that the girl might take a less defiant attitude, although the termination of their last interview left little hope that such would be the case. Still, Ellen felt that she had one opening which would enable her to recur to the subject. She could always inquire if Dollie had got Gerald's permission to divulge his address, as it was still required by his lawyers. This trainer's daughter, who quoted Tennyson, who claimed to be on an equality with herself, and who, she had no doubt, actually considered herself engaged to Gerald, was a phenomenon that Ellen could not understand. Mrs. Rockingham was getting more reconciled to her modest lodgings now; not but what she had borne her reverses courageously from the first. Still it is a great trial for a woman who has been all her life mistress of a large establishment to come down to four or five rooms and her maid. She must necessarily miss the gardens, the flowers, the carriages, and all the superfluities which long habit has made part and parcel of her existence. We can do without these things, but once accustomed to them we miss them sorely if misfortune compels us to give them up. Do you remember what Sam Slick said about selling his clocks? "It's soft sawder gets 'em into the house, and human nature keeps 'em there." His plan was to persuade the housewives just to allow him to leave one of his clocks with them till he came round again as a convenience to himself, he having too many with him. By the time he came their way again they had got used to the comfort of a clock on the mantelpiece, and bought it sooner than lose it.

Society, too, in York—and there is usually some pleasant society in a cathedral town—was excessively civil to the Rockinghams. They were well known and much sympathized with in their fallen fortunes, and though there could be no doubt that the late Squire had wrought his own ruin by his carelessness and extravagance, yet he had been always a popular man, and it was widely whispered that his weaknesses had been taken much advantage of both by his cousin and his solicitor. Then the mysterious disappearance of Gerald was another reason why people should make much of Mrs. Rockingham and her daughter, for, of course, it had leaked out that he had left Cambridge, and that neither his mother nor his sister knew where he was. Society, jumping to a conclusion after the hasty and airy manner in which society usually elucidates any little problem of this nature—that is to say, without any positive knowledge of the premises—deduces that Gerald Rockingham has behaved disgracefully; that he has abandoned those it was his bounden duty to protect, and probably taken to dissolute courses. Society, as a whole, sweetly ignores that a university career is not to be achieved without money, or that if we have to earn our living in humble fashion it adds bitterness to the bread of adversity to earn it where we have previously figured as one of the privileged who "toil not, neither do they spin." The consequence of all this was that Mrs. Rockingham and Ellen in a quiet way went out a good deal; the widow being urged thereto in the first place principally by her daughter, who thought rightly that nothing could be worse for her than that she should brood too much upon the past. All this had, of course, been very gradual, and it was only the last two months or so that Mrs. Rockingham had been induced to emerge from her seclusion.

Mr. Durnsford had done what a clever, well-to-do man of the world was sure to do, and become a leading star in the new social sphere upon which he had entered. As before said, the new Canon's little dinners soon began to be talked about. When a man is not only a *gourmet* and a brilliant talker, but understands the mixing of his guests as thoroughly as the mixing of his salads, his feasts imprint themselves on men's minds. In this world of dreary and indifferent dinners it is something to look back upon those in which both our intellects and senses were gratified. Men have obtained celebrity for conferring much more dubious benefit on their fellow-creatures; but Mr. Durnsford was thoroughly appreciated by those whom he honored with his intimacy. He had taken a great fancy both to John Thorndyke and Ellen Rockingham, and they were frequently of the Canon's weekly dinner party; and so it was that they had come to see a good deal of each other of late.

That Mr. Thorndyke, with his advanced Liberal views, should occasion Miss Rockingham considerable astonishment was natural. She could hardly, swathed in her narrow sectarian ideas, understand a clergyman having such opinions; but what surprised her more than anything was that a man like Mr. Durnsford, a Canon of York Minster, and a supposed decidedly High-Churchman, should agree with the Radical Rector of St. Olave's. Still, she could not resist admiring Thorndyke for the consistency and audacity of his freely expressed convictions; and that they should be to a considerable extent indorsed by Mr. Durnsford, gave them additional weight with her. This morning she had advanced a step further, and given him her confidence also.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROBERT HOE.

The impression retained by the friends of the late Robert Hoe, who died at his beautiful summer home in Tarrytown, New York, on the 13th of September, at the age of seventy, is of a kind to appeal with confidence to the admiration of fairer generations than ours. The civilized world knew him as a manufacturer of printing-presses; art students knew him as sensible to the romantic charm of works of the imagination; business acquaintances knew him as responsive to the power of modern ideas; hundreds of beneficiaries in this city of his birth and protracted residence knew him as a pattern of Christian philanthropy; but his friends knew Robert Hoe as a man who liked to hide his life, who preferred to perfect himself rather than to build a reputation, and who was endowed with a singularly happy moral balance, and a genuine gift for the good and the true. Like all such natures, he had a real love for living a life of his own, apart from the unsympathetic lives of others; he might even have said with Lacordaire, "One can do nothing without solitude."

The pleasures of the club and of fashionable society did not entice him, partly because of a certain frailty of health, partly because of his fondness for the country, partly because of his extremely happy domestic relations, and partly, also, because of his taste for what is administrative rather than for what is imperatorial. He was a representative of the modern spirit in the best that this spirit anticipates; but to contemporaneous noise and preferment he had a decided aversion. A more conservative citizen the metropolis did not possess, and he felt as deeply as did Edmund Burke that men in civil society have the right to the acquisitions of their parents and to the fruit of their own industry.

When, therefore, the wholesale thievery and incipient communism of the Tweed *régime* were to be met and smitten, who of all that now historic Citizens' Committee of Seventy was more fit for the work than he? It was the sole instance in his long and masterful career when he consented to assume a conspicuous civic position, and the assertion may safely be ventured that none of his comrades did less talking. A man who makes presses that print, cut, and fold twenty thousand large eight-page daily newspapers in an hour is, perhaps, professionally indisposed to loquacity.

His death makes the first break in the well-known firm of R. Hoe & Co., whose reputation is world-wide. The senior member, Colonel R. M. Hoe, and a younger brother, Peter S., are still living. Mr. Hoe was a member of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, and one of the founders of the National Academy of Design.

His funeral was attended by an immense concourse of neighbors and friends, who listened to the singing of his favorite hymns, "Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love" and "Abide with me." His body rests temporarily in the beautiful cemetery near Tarrytown which Washington Irving so tenderly described.

The news of the decease called forth eulogies from all the leading journals in this country and in Europe.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION AT PHILADELPHIA.

Thirty-six years ago, in September, 1848, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a body enlarged from the Association of American Geologists and Naturalists, founded seven years before, held its first meeting, in Philadelphia. Now, after annual sessions in many other parts of the Union, intermitted only during the years of the civil war, it has at length revisited the City of Brotherly Love, and there has held the most remarkable of all its gatherings.

For the first time its exercises were shared by a great number of visitors from foreign lands. Indeed, in some respects this thirty-third meeting proved to be almost an International Congress—at least of the English-speaking scientific world. Out of the unprecedented number of 1257 persons in attendance, about 300 were from the British Association, which had just held its annual meeting in Montreal. The official register also disclosed such names and addresses as these: C. Struve, Moscow; Dairoku Kikuchi, Tokio; Dr. W. Valentiner, Carlsruhe; Shiro Shiba and N. Shiraishi, Japan; R. Gordon, Burmah; Don Arturo de Marcoartu, Madrid. Societies of Rome, Vienna, Brussels, Belfast, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Aberdeen, Norwich, Barrow, Manchester, and London were among the European scientific bodies represented by delegates.

A visitor could not but be struck with the very great part which the foreign men of science took in the proceedings. They read many papers, were constantly alert for the oral discussion, and in some instances were found presiding over sections, while several of them delivered special lectures by request. In one room could be found Captain Bedford Pim, R.N., reading a paper on Nicaragua; in another, Don Arturo de Marcoartu discussing trade between the United States, Spain, and Cuba; in a third, Professor Barrett, of Dublin, setting forth his views of "Thought Transference," and so on. If the proposed International Scientific Congress, for whose establishment the British and American associations appointed joint committees, should ever be organized, it will be fortunate to secure as large a measure of internationality at its meetings as was found in Philadelphia.

The meeting began on Thursday morning, September 4, in the Academy of Music, where the general sessions continued to be held an hour each day, until the close of the exercises on the evening of September 11. Immediately after the general meeting the various sections began the reading of papers in their respective meeting places, and these papers, with the resulting discussions, occupied the day until 5 P.M., except the lunch hour between one and two. Section A, Mathematics and Astronomy, under Professor H. T. Eddy, of Cincinnati, and Section D, Mechanical Science, under Professor R. H. Thurston, of Hoboken, met in ground rooms of Horticultural Hall; Section B, Physics, under Professor John Trowbridge, of Cambridge, in the chapel of the neighboring Episcopal Academy; Section C, Chemistry, Professor John W. Langley, of Ann Arbor, at 1417 Locust Street; Section E, Geology and Geography, Professor N. H. Winchell, of Minneapolis, in the Main Horticultural Hall; Section F, Biology, Professer E. D. Cope, of Philadelphia, in a hall of the Union League Club; Section G, Histology and Microscopy, Professor T. G. Wormley, of Philadelphia, in the hall of the College of Physicians; Section H, Anthropology, Professor E. S. Morse, of Salem, in the *foyer* of the Academy of Music; Section I, Economic Science and Statistics, Professor John Eaton, of Washington, in the hall of the Historical Society.

The chairmen of the sections this year were a more than ordinarily able set of officers, as the strong and striking papers with which they opened their sections attested. Professor Winchell, in his address on "Crystalline Rocks of the Northwest," held the Huronian of Canada to be the equivalent of the lowest of the Taconic groups of the Northwest. Professor Cope, discussing "The Nature of Organic Energy," declared that "life has preceded organization"; that "the organic structures of animals have resulted from animal movement, and been determined by consciousness"; that the true definition of life is "energy directed by sensibility or by a mechanism directed by sensibility." Professor Trowbridge declared that the nature of electricity is still obscure. "In searching for relationship," he said, "between electricity and gravity, all my experiments have produced negative results." Professor Eddy vigorously attacked the theory that mathematics should be taught in our colleges "simply as a sort of intellectual gymnastics." Professor Morse, discussing "Man in the Tertiaries," declared that "no parallax has been established by which we can even faintly approximate the distance of the horizon in which traces of man's existence appear." The papers of Professor Langley on "Chemical Affinity," of Professor Wormley on "Microscopy in Connection with Toxicology," and of Professor Thurston on "The Applied Sciences," were worthy of the specialties in which their authors are so greatly distinguished. General Eaton spoke on uniting science with practical life.

In all, 304 papers were read, so that it would be impracticable to give here even a moiety of their titles. We may note, however, that Professor Hilgard's paper on the Gulf of Mexico demonstrated the elevation of the Gulf level above the Atlantic by accurate measurements, and that Professor Bell, inventor of the telephone, spoke of possible electrical communication between vessels not more than a mile distant at sea, if each would make an earth metallic connection with the sea at the bow and another at the stern by a long cable trailed out. Professor Preece, the British electrician, supported this idea by an account of his own actual experiments.

Of the general lectures and speeches mention should be made of the admirable addresses of Professor Young, the retiring President, Professor Lesley, the new President, and Dr. Pepper and Governor Pattison, who welcomed the guests. Professor Young, who discussed "Pending Problems of Astronomy," urged a more accurate study of the earth's dimensions, of the suspected variation in the earth's revolution, of the displacement of the axis in the globe, and of the theory of lunar temperature, which is probably somewhat at fault. As for the sun's heat, this distinguished solar physicist finds "no fault with the solution proposed by Helmholtz, who accounts for it mainly by the slow contraction of the solar sphere." Too much can not be said in praise of the lecture of Dr. R. S. Ball, Royal Astronomer of Ireland, on "The Distances of the Stars"—an admirable example of the method of presenting the methods and results of intricate scientific investigations for popular comprehension. Professor Newberry, lecturing upon the evolution of the North American coast, showed how "the sea is the mother of continents, and *terra firma* a type of instability."

At the opening session a check for $1000 was presented to the Association from Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, of Stamford (her second gift), to be used in experiments for communicating light and heat, and afterward the same benefactor offered $5000 as a fund to promote original research by the proposed International Scientific Association, with the promise of $5000 more should the Association be formed and raise $10,000 for the same purpose. The Association adopted resolutions requesting Congress to extend geodetic and topographic surveys over the whole country, without regard to State boundaries, and to aid the investigation of fermentation as affecting public health—a subject which had been treated in part by Dr. Springer.

The meeting, we must not forget to say, was from beginning to end the victim of extraordinarily hot weather, which thinned audiences, shortened discussions, and drove off to the recuperating breezes of sea-side or hill-side many persons who had journeyed to Philadelphia for a wholly different purpose. Beribboned visitors slowly sweltered along fashionable streets with bare heads sheltered by umbrellas, as if wholly callous to the persuasive announcements of placarded lamp-posts that "Section B meets here." As, save for this exceptional weather, the meeting would have been a still more striking success, so the prevailing discomforts could hardly have been borne but for the profuse exercise of the proverbial courtesy of ever-hospitable Philadelphia, the industry and attention of the many local committees, and the excellence of the arrangements made by Professor F. W. Putnam, the Permanent Secretary. Excursions to Long Branch, Cape May, Atlantic City, the anthracite coal regions, and points of geological interest on the Schuylkill River, gave relief and recreation, while a lady's lawn party at Haverford College, a pilgrimage of the botanists to the garden at Kingsessing, a social reception at the Academy of Fine Arts, and a microscopical exhibition at the Academy of Sciences, assisted in filling up the leisure hours.

The electrical exhibition furnished a special object of interest, while the Electrical Conference which took place there, and afterward at the Franklin Institute, resulted not only in very able discussions by Professors Abbe, Rowland, and Trowbridge, Sir William Thomson, and others, but in important action. It was resolved to take steps to legalize in this country the ohm, the volt, and the ampère, the standard of measures adopted by the French Conference. Out of the week's scientific gathering grew the organization of the American Psychical Society for the investigation of obscure mental phenomena.

In the present issue will be found, alphabetically arranged, sixteen portraits of prominent members who were present at this memorable meeting, and who represent its various forms of investigation and learning. Thirteen of these gentlemen sat expressly for these portraits for Harper's Weekly, the photographs for the purpose being taken by Mr. W. Curtis Taylor, of Philadelphia. The remaining three personally selected for Harper's Weekly satisfactory portraits which had been recently taken.

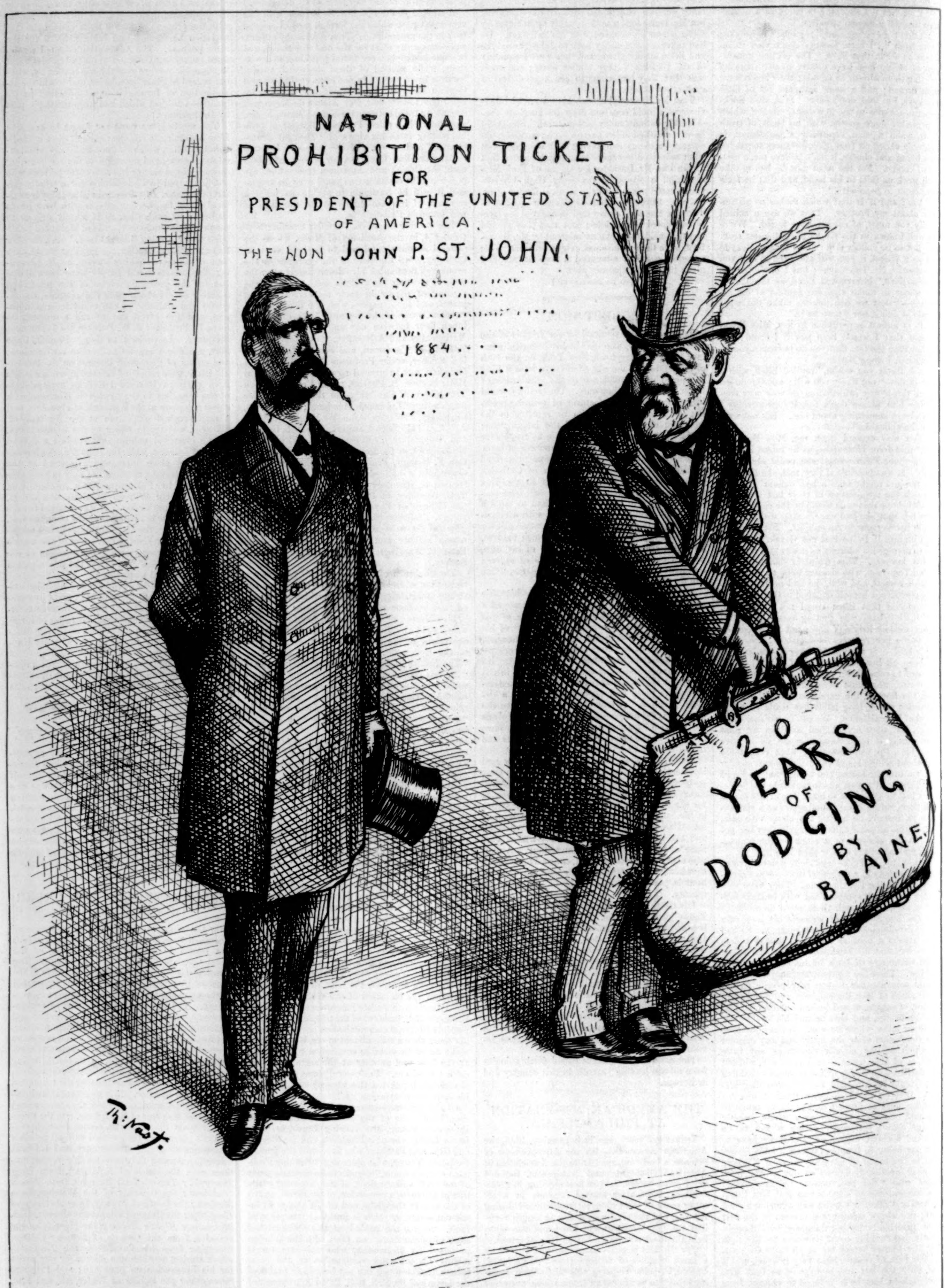
GOVERNOR JAMES W. DAWES.

The Republicans of Nebraska have renominated with enthusiasm the excellent Chief Magistrate who has made so good a record for himself and for them. Governor James W. Dawes was elected to the gubernatorial chair in the autumn of 1882, and began his term of office on the 4th of January, 1883. It expires on the 8th of January, 1885, when undoubtedly he will be his own successor. The Governor is a representative son of Nebraska, with large conceptions of public duty and broad foundations for their support.

CELEBRATION OF THE ORDER OF CINCINNATUS.

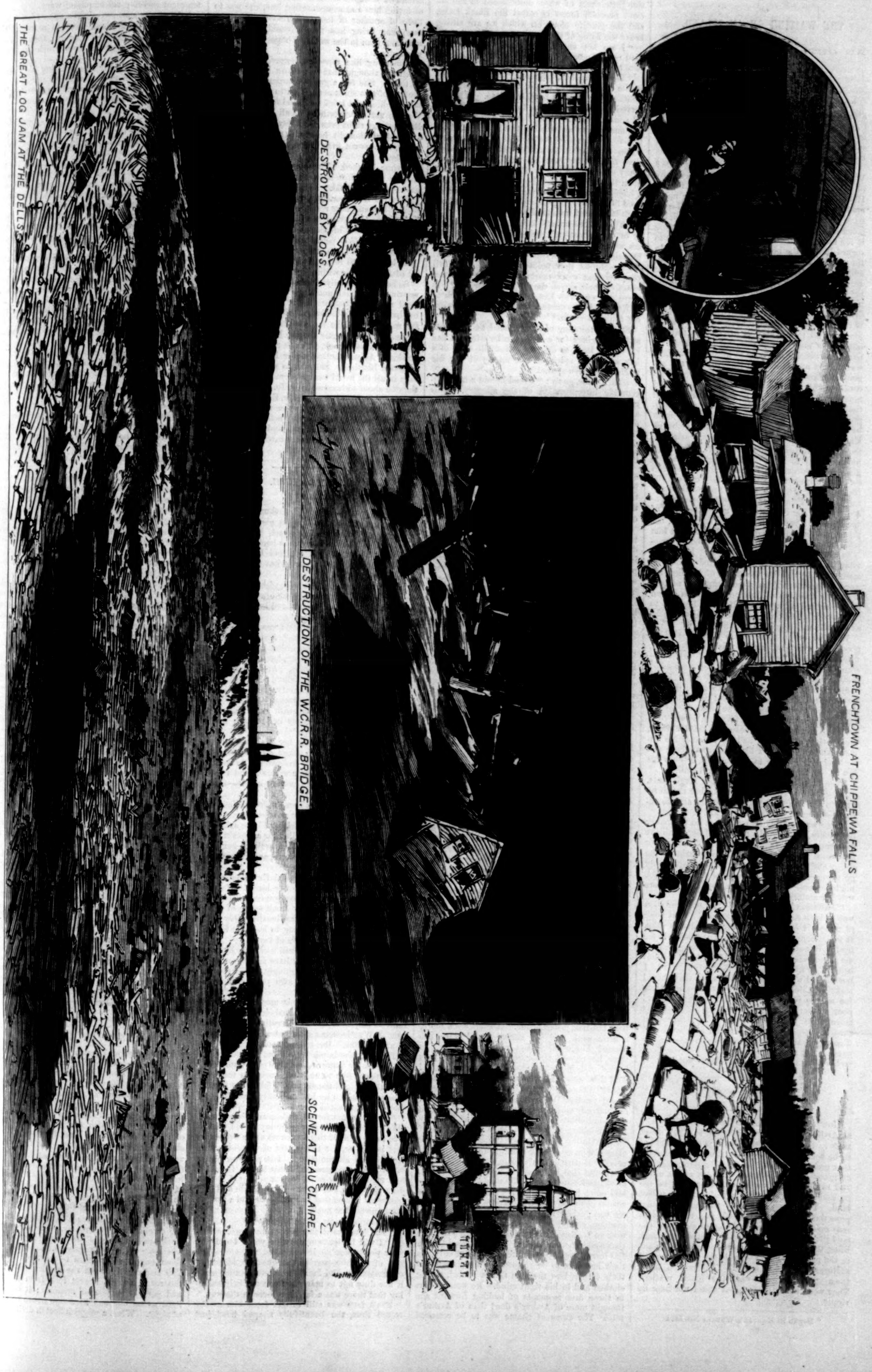
On the night of the 17th inst. the streets of Cincinnati were the scene of a brilliant pageant that served to remind the spectators of the grand Carnival displays of New Orleans. The occasion was the second annual celebration of the Order of Cincinnatus, and the subject illustrated by the gorgeous tableaux was a dream of Shakespeare. The slow-moving procession of twenty-five floats, drawn by gayly caparisoned mules and brilliantly lighted by electricity, calcium-lights, and fire-works, was witnessed by a vast multitude of spectators, who thronged the streets and occupied every coign of vantage. After the glittering escort of Roman lictors, eagle-bearers, centurions, and decurions, came a float bearing the triumphal chariot of the Dictator. In it was seated Cincinnatus, who in this instance occupies the same exalted position as does Rex of Mardi Gras. On the twenty-four floats that followed, scenes from Shakespeare's plays were represented with all possible accessories of gorgeous costumes and brilliant coloring. Among the more notable representations were the Battle of Agincourt, from *King Henry V.*; Timon's Last Banquet, from *Timon of Athens*; the Greeting of the Witches, from *Macbeth*; the Death of Antony, from *Antony and Cleopatra*; the Home of Titania and Oberon, from *Midsummer Night's Dream*; the Meeting of the Dromios, from the *Comedy of Errors*; Caliban Emerging from his Cave, from the *Tempest*—which subject was the one chosen by our artist for his illustration on page 538; and Prospero Summoning the Spirits of Water, Air, and Fire, also from the *Tempest*.

The second annual ball of the order, given on the following night at the Chamber of Commerce, was one of the most brilliant events of the kind ever witnessed in the West, and reflected great credit upon the management, who had labored assiduously for months in the preparation of the details that were combined to produce the grand spectacular whole.


NATIONAL
PROHIBITION TICKET
FOR
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA.
THE HON JOHN P. ST. JOHN.
1884
20 YEARS OF DODGING BY BLAINE.
Th: Nast.

THE TEETOTAL DODGER.

St. John. "Mr. Canvasser, you are not going to dodge me and call me a local issue."


THE GREAT LOG JAM AT THE DELLS.
DESTROYED BY LOGS.
DESTRUCTION OF THE W.C.R.R. BRIDGE.
FRENCHTOWN AT CHIPPEWA FALLS
SCENE AT EAU CLAIRE.

THE DISASTROUS FLOODS AT CHIPPEWA FALLS, WISCONSIN.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 637.]

LOVE AND MIRAGE;*

OR,

THE WAITING ON AN ISLAND.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXV.—(*Continued.*)

RETROSPECTIVE.

"A FALLEN angel, did I say?" reiterated Eva, after a pause. "Who can aver that he did not then mean fairly by me, and that he had not made up his mind to sacrifice worldly prospects for my sake? I believed so then. Sometimes I almost believe so still."

How, indeed, could she help trusting him? Whether for a brief moment he had been worthy of it was a secret locked within his own breast. His studied care for her happiness during many months, his unvarying friendliness and well-reined-in chivalrousness and devotion, above all, his solicitude for her future as she would fain shape it for herself—all these things compelled her to regard him as the best, truest friend she had in the world. And what he said was true. In him, and him only, lay her chances of happiness. That very day she had received a letter from home urging the claims of her unwelcome suitor. And if not in love with the Prince, she was at least drawn to him by a feeling as tenacious—gratitude of the deepest, most ardent kind. So she trusted him, and all things seemed to show that at the moment of making this proposal he had not intended to deceive her, only to keep the marriage secret. At any rate, when they reached the appointed place, all things were in readiness, according to his promise—ring and book, priest and notary. But at the last moment it was found that, owing to the fact of both bride and bridegroom being aliens, some additional forms must be gone through to make the marriage valid. Married they were, indeed, but it was a marriage not valid in the eyes of the civil law. Then they hurried away to have the necessary formalities gone through—so the Prince said—on German soil. But again no sooner had they crossed the frontier than fresh obstacles presented themselves. The Prince was summoned home in consequence of the illness of his uncle, the head of the house. Eva, cut loose from her home, her protectress, could but cling to him and trust him still, awaiting his return to be acknowledged openly as his wife. For his wife she was. Before the altar he had taken her; he declared again and again that he was on the point of keeping his word. Once even a marriage contract in accordance with the laws of Germany had been drawn up. She had allowed herself to be brought to this remote island on the understanding that here at last she was openly to take his name.

Whether or no there was a warring still of good and evil purpose in this worldly heart, whether, indeed, but for certain worldly circumstances he would have made the penniless *bourgeoise* maiden his Princess, who shall say? There came at last a day when every vestige of hope was wrested from her. As best he could, with many excuses and apologies, he broke the tidings that, in order to restore his fortunes, he was compelled to marry a rich woman. Financial crises, speculation, evil times, had so reduced his income and so hampered his estate that there was nothing left for him to do but this, or blow his brains out, he added, with a haggard smile.

Then he tried to win her pity, her forgiveness, and used every argument to induce her not to return to her family, but to pursue her artistic career—she owed it to herself, to art.

There was nothing he would not do to further her wishes, he said. Lastly he told her of all the flattering things that had been said about her fine voice in high places, glowingly painted the future and the fortune in store for her if she would go through a thorough course of training. She might become a prima donna, anything. Where was her ambition?

"Ambition!" sighed Eva. "My only ambition was to be loved at home once more. That voice of mine! I only valued it for my father's sake. It would console him, I thought: it would win me his forgiveness. But my parents hardened against me; and what wonder? I had broken their hearts. Why did I not tell them all at first? I but nursed within the hope of a joy that should make all things right. They were so ambitious for me, so proud of their Eva! Poor father! poor mother! What wonder that the truth was more than you could bear? My father went mad, my mother took to her bed and never left it more, my sisters were forbidden to mention my name. But now I shall be as one who was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found."

CHAPTER XXVI.

LOVERS.

How calm and peaceful looked the little lake as Arthur lingered by it listening to Eva's sweet voice! Here on the brightest days of the year are to be seen rather the subdued winter harmonies that greet our eyes in southern England than the gorgeous glow of summer. To-day about waves and sky lay just these quiet tender hues we see on certain mild January days of our dear native land. The glassy waters of the mere reflected pure tints of pearl and clouds just touched with rosy gold floating on a pale azure sky. On the cool gray surface of the water rested the water-lilies, their bright gold and ivory cups subdued in the placid light. Ineffable the sweetness and stillness here. Not a bird on the branch, not a fawn gambolling athwart the forest reaches. They were near the sea, but could not hear its ripple.

"Are you versed in the history of this island?" asked Eva, with a smile. "Do you know why this little sheet of water embosomed in the ancient beechen forest is called the Black Lake, and the granite block on which we are sitting bears the name of the Stone of Sacrifice?"

"I am not entirely ignorant," said Arthur. Had not Elizabeth, indeed, acted as his cicerone here? "But tell me what you know."

"This place, then," she said, "was consecrated in the olden time to one of the most fearful divinities ever mortals bent knee too. Whoever served her was henceforth to be kept pure from all contact with anything human, and there was but one way to accomplish this! The minister to the god was also the victim. Even the very slaves who washed the golden car of the goddess were straightway cast into the lake; and how many unfortunate beings may have been offered upon this very stone! She rose and showed him a huge red stain in the granite block, shaped indeed like those savage altars we read of, on which were immolated human offerings.

"This is but a natural streak, a vein of porphyry in the formation," she said, "but the islanders will ever believe the stain to be caused by human blood. How fearful those early creeds! Yet methinks they point a parable. The evil passions that weak mortals serve, do they not exact of their slaves the supreme sacrifice? Is there any one who has hearkened too much to self, which is but another name for passion, without falling a victim?"

She was thinking of her girlhood, and of those ardent longings for a richer, fuller life that had led her to Italy, to despair. Had she been of a less ambitious spirit, all the misery of her life might have been spared.

Said Arthur, gayly: "I read herein a more acceptable interpretation of the allegory. This goddess of yours should, I think, rather symbolize a purifier than a destroyer, since it is by virtue of passions that men rise and fall—in other words, fulfill their destiny. We must be first crushed, to be afterward uplifted, tried as clay is proven in the fire."

Thus they talked with the beautiful confidence and exclusiveness of lovers who find that every hour brings them nearer to one another, shuts them more and more within a little world of their own. The longest day could never be long enough for these spoken volumes.

"I have now told you my life. Will you not tell me yours?" asked Eva. This was the next day, when much had been talked over of more immediate interest. The marriage was to take place in a few days, and that very night Arthur would cross over to the opposite shore in order to buy the wedding ring. Next day, before nightfall, he should be back again, and then another little journey was in store for him. He must traverse the island from end to end for the purpose of securing the services of a priest.

They had just returned from a long ramble in the forest, and for the first time Arthur accompanied Eva to the tiny anteroom, turned into a rustic boudoir, that led out of her chamber. There were so many things to carry upstairs—spoils of the forest, spoils of the sea—that he would not let her burden herself; and when arrived on the threshold there seemed still much to say, so he followed her within.

Happiness wearies even as doth sorrow, and Eva was now languid from overjoy. Her spirits during the last two days had been wonderfully buoyant; joy gleamed from her eyes and imparted bloom to her cheek. It was no longer a vision of sorrow and beauty that moved statelily before Arthur's eyes; instead, a dazzling fellow-creature on whom Nature had lavished her choicest gifts, and with whom it were good to live. What was Eva not? what could she not do? In the exuberance of her late mood all the inborn sprightliness and vivacity of her character were revealed, as well as mental endowments of a deeper kind. She should have been a leader and inspirer of men and women in some high sphere. For what may not perfect loveliness do when combined with depth of feeling and a passionate craving after intellectual beauty?

"Kind God in heaven!" was Arthur's secret thought, "what may not existence be like by this woman's side!"

Deeply as was Eva moved also at the thought of sharing his life, intensely as she appreciated the intellectual sympathies and aspirations drawing them together, it was a common sheer human contentment that she drank in now. The thought bringing tears of rapture and thanksgiving was the thought of home. It seemed too good to be true, but true nevertheless. A short week more, a little week, and her sisters would learn the blessed tidings—their Eva no longer a shame to them, her name a terror never any more, the past buried and forgotten, new life in store for all! And that scene of explanation and reconcilement would be ever before the impatient eyes. Never would prodigal be so welcomed, so wept over. She already heard her sisters' voices, already a thousand times in fancy her tears of pure joy were mingled with theirs. She saw a flash of understanding light up her father's face as she clasped him close, and pointing to Arthur, whispered, "Husband, Eva's husband."

Around that last thought centred her fondest, most passionate hopes. She would willingly have laid down her life if by that means her father's reason could be restored. There was now a better way; when the grief that had brought the madness should be removed, must not the madness go? Eva clung to this hope with a tenacity that nothing could shake. Yes, the good God in His mercy would permit this cure. Not only was their lost Eva to be restored to her sisters, but their father, like the man Christ healed, sitting clothed and in his right mind. No wonder that in these first moments of looking forward she thought more of Arthur's deed than of Arthur's self! The curse of shame was to be removed from her house, the family escutcheon cleared of its blot, and by him only. His love was equal to a matchless sacrifice. But before the happiness of loving him and compensating him, she was to taste of another of less selfish kind. She was meantime living less in the world of realities with him than in the world of hopes of which he was author.

Something like reproach, however, stung her when she thought that to-morrow he would not be there. She felt a grateful, ardent impulse on the eve of this short separation to throw herself into his life for a brief spell, and forget her own. Was he not henceforth to be all in all to her? Had she any right even for a day thus to live in a world of thought he could not share? So again, with sweet insinuation, she repeated the question.

Arthur laughed. The story was but a dull one, he said. But such as it was, she should have it an she would.

Wearied from her long walk, she had thrown off her hat, and now rested on a low stool, leaning her head on the arm of Arthur's chair; for he had taken out his sketch-book, and whilst he talked lazily plied pencil and brush. To have something to do seemed an excuse for staying a little longer with her, and there was a tempting bit of forest glade within sight.

So he became busily idle, and by-and-by—in her weariness, she did not know it—the beautiful head rested no longer on the arm of the chair but had slipped to his knee. He chatted on: not for worlds would he have ventured so much as to touch the perfectly shaped head lying close under his sketch-book, or even to notice the intrusion. As yet she had never kissed him, and he bided his time. She was to see that no woman in all the world was so sacred in his eyes as the one about to become his wife.

Thus, then, they began to talk, Eva's face being turned from him, her sweet voice a little languid from fatigue. She wanted very much to hear this dull story, she said, and first and foremost to know one thing: had he never cared for any woman but herself?

CHAPTER XXVII.

A REVELATION.

"To tell you plain truth," Arthur said, gayly, after some talk of his London experiences, "I never so much as fancied myself in love till I reached this island a few weeks back. There is a fatality about the place. Had I never seen you, I do believe my fate would have been sealed all the same."

"What happened?" Eva said, with natural feminine curiosity. Is not almost always the first question a girl asks of an avowed lover, "Whom did you love before me?"

"I was tempted to visit these remote shores by the most romantic accounts," Arthur went on. "I made up my mind, indeed, that I was not only to see the fabled mirage here, but that I should find the maiden of my dreams. And true enough, hardly had I set foot in the island when I thought my time was come. The pretty, pretty girl!"

"Was she your country-woman or mine?"

"Of pure Teuton blood, with such blue eyes and fair hair as I do verily believe are never found outside of Germany."

"What attracted you to her besides the blue eyes and fair hair?" Eva asked, still playful.

Arthur also went on gay and careless as before. "So many things. To begin with, she had a lovely expression—*blick*, you Germans call it—and a voice pleasant to listen to."

Eva laughed gently. These naïve confessions of her lover amused her not a little.

"Would you have married her?" she asked.

"Ah! who shall say? But for a certain visit on a wet day to a certain lady awaiting her limner, I think it likely. We were, anyhow, capital friends."

If these confidences pleased Eva, how much more grateful were they to her lover! He was confiding in her as he had never yet confided in any human being, and the new fresh sense of nearness and exclusiveness was inexpressibly delicious. They were beginning to lead the life of one that has become the life of two.

"This blue-eyed beauty had a certain likeness to yourself; I could almost have sworn you were sisters," Arthur added, laughingly. "So you see I was but falling in love with you by anticipation."

"Such fancied likeness is mere nationality," Eva replied, without strained interest, or the faintest suspicion of the relevation in store for her. "We Germans also find all English girls of a type alike. But tell me more."

Trusting him implicitly, she yet wanted to discover how far Arthur's fancy had gone; she could not suppose him to be blameworthy in the least little thing. All the same, she felt sorry for the blue-eyed maiden he had evidently made love to. The story interested her.

"For once and for all, understand that when I asked you two days ago to be my wife, I was as free to do so as if there were no other woman in this island, or, for the matter of that," laughed Arthur, "in all the world. I have never had a fancy for entanglements of this kind. Indeed, I had made up my mind long ago that I should die a bachelor; and why? For the vain and preposterous reason that I could never find a woman good enough for me."

Eva smiled sadly.

"But," resumed the happy, unconscious lover, "I will be quite open with you. I did ask your pretty double if she liked me, and—the rest of it. She parried the question, hinted at circumstances and family misfortunes that made it her duty not to marry. I can not help thinking that there was a faithless lover in the way."

Eva's face was still turned from him as she rested thus, the beautifully shaped head just touching his knee. She put yet another question, in the low gentle tones of one who is wearied in body rather than in spirit, deep, unutterable contentment thrilling the exquisite voice.

"What was that sweet girl's name?"

A moment—one short moment more in the fair sunshine, on the golden sward; then a precipice and a horrible abyss, from which there was no escape!

Arthur was skillfully manipulating his clouds, but in a second or two his answer came.

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth Flower, in my own tongue, Blume in yours. What a pretty name for a pretty girl!"

Eva never stirred. Had Arthur's suspicions been aroused, he could not have discerned by any outward sign that this simple name brought despair to his listener's heart. The fair head lay motionless as that of a sleeping child on its pillow. The limbs did not tremble. Only the eyelids closed as if from excess of weariness, and the beautiful cheek grew pale. Eva, accustomed to make almost superhuman efforts at self-control, was stilling the tumult of her bosom by force of indomitable will. She would calmly hear to the end. Time for her heart to break afterward.

Arthur chatted on. He spoke of Elizabeth's devotion to her younger sister, of Harvey's fancy for Flora, of the excursions they had made together. Even those mysterious star-shaped flowers were mentioned, the flowers Elizabeth, with all a German girl's sentiment, so loved for her dead sister's sake. Then he reverted to her passionate dwelling on the wrong that had been done her, supposed by him to be some man's faithlessness.

"She liked me well enough, I do believe," he said, carelessly, and without a vestige of vanity underlying the thought. "But now let us talk of ourselves. By-the-way, you have never told me your own name."

Eva could bear this tension no longer. She rose now and looked at him with inexpressible wistfulness, yet no ghastly betrayal; she would be mistress of herself, if the short agony killed her. "To-morrow will do," she said, smiling calmly as the dying smile. "I will rest now. Fare thee well, dear."

Then, bending low, she kissed him on the brow. The strange sweetness and searchingness of that long look did not strike Arthur at the time. He was accustomed to find in her face what he found nowhere else under heaven. But the unwonted pallor and sudden evidence of bodily endurance strained to the utmost gave a momentary feeling of uneasiness.

"I can not bear to leave you, even till to-morrow," he whispered.

But Eva would stay for no lover-like speeches. With her hand on the door, she once more glanced at him, tenderness, thankfulness, benison unutterable, in her eyes. A reiterated farewell trembled on her pale lips. Then he was alone.

All was perfectly still, and Arthur, having finished his drawing, noiselessly put together his sketching things and stole down-stairs. She would sleep, he said, and he must be more careful of her health in future. The long forest rambles must be cut short. He had not now to do with the robust organization of country-bred maidens like Elizabeth and Flora, but with a physique of finer strain. Eva's naturally magnificent health, as she confessed, had been undermined by mental suffering. Months must elapse before she should be fairly herself.

On the whole, however, he went away in a cheerful frame of mind. By sunset next day he should be back again, and for other reasons no less important than the purchase of the wedding ring he was forced to cross the sea.

There was a banker in the old-world sea-port opposite, with whom he had certain business to transact. He also wanted to consult some able lawyer as to the steps necessary for the legalization of such a marriage on German soil. And this blissful bridegroom, no more than any other, would greet his bride-elect empty-handed. On this island not so much as a silver thimble was to be purchased, but surely some beautiful bridal gift might be found in a city numbering a hundred thousand souls.

So in elate spirits he set off, making light of the long descent through the forest. The path wound downward all the way, and in two hours brisk walking brought him to the little harbor lying close under the wooded scarp. The steamer was there, and in a quarter of an hour was gliding gently over the unruffled crystalline sea.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CITY REFUSE.

IF the question, What becomes of all the refuse from the great city of New York? were asked of the first intelligent citizen one met in the street, it might elicit the reply, "It is used to fill up the harbor." Flippant as the answer would be, its occurrence to the mind would be natural, because the public has heard about the city's refuse mainly in connection with the reckless distribution of it, in times past at least, by those who were charged with disposing of it. But to get a clear and intelligent reply would be as difficult as to find one for the ancient and yet ever-vexed problem, "What becomes of all the pins?" It is one of the chief charms of life in cities that the inhabitants do not have to attend to the thousand and one matters of this sort which combine to burden the existence and swell the cares of the dwellers in the country. The city must go to the well and draw the water for the citizens whenever by merely turning a faucet any one of them expresses a desire to wash or to drink. The city must put out the conflagrations, mend the roads, protect honest folk from annoyance and peril of person or property; it must even light us on our way from one house to another at night. When a waggish Scotch divine desired to rebuke a scandal-monger, according to an old tale, he said to him that "the beauty of Jerusalem in its prime was due to the fact that each citizen attended to the cleaning of his own door-yard." But in these days city folks combine to rid themselves of this work also by lifting it upon the broad shoulders of the government.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1440.

Whether the people of New York can ever paraphrase the words of the Scotch clergyman so as to say that the street cleaning is "the beauty of New York," is a question. With the best efforts and intentions it is a superhuman work to clean New York, and the instant the task of cleaning it for one day comes to an end, the process by which it grows dirty again is certain to begin. But it must be admitted that the system of street cleaning in vogue for many years in New York is the least offensive that could be devised. Now and then a well-dressed lady, out for a walk, finds herself in a cloud of dust and amid a hail of fine cinders, through which she dimly sees the outlines of a cart, an inverted ash barrel, and the straining figure of a laborer; and theatre parties returning homeward on Broadway occasionally hear something like the sound of an approaching steamboat, and looking from the coach windows, see a big, queer-looking machine, like a skeleton cart with a huge broom revolving between its wheels, and a swath of clean paving-stones behind it. These glimpses into the *modus operandi* of municipal tidiness are rare, however, to most persons, for the work is usually begun after nightfall and ended by sunrise.

Last year the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, which is the key to the city's strong box, set apart a round million of dollars for cleaning the streets, gathering the ashes, and scattering all the refuse out at sea, but this year a farther sum of $50,000 was allowed to meet the expense incurred in ridding the city of heavy snow-falls. This great expense indicates the true proportions of the task of keeping the metropolis clean. The time was when a few laborers with brooms and shovels, and a cart or two to carry the gathered refuse to some sunken field or marsh, could easily keep New York presentable, but now a regiment of men, a great fleet of boats, and hundreds upon hundreds of wagons are employed in the service.

Street-cleaning was taken out of the hands of the Police Commissioners in June, 1881, and the work has ever since been intrusted to a separate department of the city government, with Commissioner James S. Coleman at its head. Mr. Coleman had before that earned distinction as a contractor who had undertaken and successfully executed some very notable works, one of them being the tunnel of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad, a mile in length, through the solid rock of Bergen Hill. As head of the Street-cleaning Department he has divided the city into three districts, one above Fourteenth Street, one below that street and east of Broadway, and the third west of Broadway and below Fourteenth Street. The upper district is cleaned by the department; the others are let out to contractors.

At half past six o'clock in the evening the sweepers begin their work on every day except Sunday. At that hour nearly eight hundred men, wielding brooms, hoes, and shovels, descend upon the dirt in the thoroughfares like locusts upon a field of tender grain, and moving as they work, soon leave it bare. The down-town business streets are at that time almost deserted, and a little later in the evening only the janitors of the business blocks, their wives and children, and now and then a wayfarer, look on at the work. The lights are out in the up-town residences when this silent army moves through the brown-stone thoroughfares, and only those whose work or pleasure consumes the night hours are apt to see the men who do so much to make the city endurable.

Thus it is seen that the trials of the brave young man who received honorable mention by the press not long ago for boldly taking up a city broom to support himself and wife when nothing better offered, after he lost his place behind a bank desk, were not so great as if he had swept the Belgian blocks in daylight under the gaze of those who were his acquaintances in happier days. We will not be likely to recognize any moral heroes in the corps of sweepers as we halt a moment on any chance night to see how the work is performed. The men are mainly Italians, mingling with a few men of a half-dozen other European nationalities, whom we see combing the cobblestones with brooms whose straws are like so many teeth, as thick and long as lead-pencils. They sweep to one side or the other from the middle of the street, leaving the gathered dirt in ridges near the curbs, to be scraped up into little hillocks by other men with hoes. There is very little talking between the men, and though they work steadily, their movements are usually very slow. Rumbling behind them come the square box carts, zigzagging to and fro to receive one dirt hillock after another. There are four hundred carts in daily use by the street cleaners. They are called "dump carts," because when they are backed up to the edge of one of the elevated collecting wharves with their backs in mid-air, like Mohammed's coffin, a slat is withdrawn, and the box tips up and empties itself into a yawning scow moored below.

New York's neighbors, Brooklyn, Newark, Jersey City, and the rest, use their refuse of ashes and dirt to fill in low ground, and sell the garbage, and sometimes the street sweepings, to farmers for fertilizing purposes. But New York is so nearly built up, and so destitute of farmers, with the exception of the small club of agriculturists which meets in the Cooper Institute once a week, that it is necessary to take it all out to sea, and leave it there. This requires a little navy. There are twenty scows in active service, and very often as many more are hired for days at a time. The city keeps two steam tow-boats, and often hires several others. A huge scow heaped up with refuse looks, even in the broad Lower Bay, like a floating island. Densely populated it often seems, for many of these floats carry big crews of Italian laborers, whose duty it is to shovel the load overboard when the boat's destination, four miles beyond Sandy Hook, is reached. A tow of these scows looks like a floating train of cars.

A curious sight it is to see twenty or thirty bronze-faced, black-haired men seated on the floating mound of refuse, smoking, chatting, playing cards, yes, even eating their dinners, amid those unsavory surroundings. There are always some in each crew who spend all their time delving with long, black fingers into the mass of ashes and kitchen refuse, for all have heard wondrous tales of rich findings, repeated in new forms from week to week. Now it is that somebody found a fat pocket-book; again that another one came across a watch thrown away by a flying thief, or carelessly tossed out in the pocket of an old waistcoat. Often some young fellow in the crew starts a familiar song, and then these simple-hearted peasant folk will all lift their voices to rhymes of the father-land, its vines and its maidens.

But the street cleaning has in the past been closely associated in the popular mind with an evil of national interest—the threatened ruin of New York Harbor. Although there are 150 miles of water-front in the harbor and its dependent bays, only a small portion of this is available for shipping, and ships can not use that if the mouth of the harbor be closed. For years and years street sweepings, ship refuse, dredging stuff, and waste matter of all sorts have been thrown into the waters of the Lower Bay by persons who have found that method easier and more pleasant than voyaging to sea with it. The shoals and sand bars have rapidly grown, until ships must now sail by a tortuous and narrow route through that once kingly bay. At the very mouth of the harbor the water has grown more and more shallow, until the great transatlantic steamers, when well laden, can only pass there at full high tide. The Harbor Commissioners are without pecuniary means, and even if they had the costly machinery for patrolling the waters, would often find it difficult to act, for the harbor is under divided jurisdiction. The Federal government, New York State, and the State of New Jersey each rules part of it.

Ship owners, merchants, and far-sighted men in every walk of life have exerted every effort to inspire the public with a full sense of the danger to the principal port of the continent. Bay-side property owners, particularly at watering resorts, have seen the popularity of a beautiful region wane into almost non-existence by reason of the refuse the waves constantly toss on the shore. The Chamber of Commerce has declared that not only New York city's employés, but those of the Federal government, have been guilty of the crime of helping to fill up the harbor, and a special committee of that public-spirited body reported last spring that the diminution of water now amounts to twelve inches a year.

FLOODS IN THE CHIPPEWA VALLEY.

The Chippewa River is upward of 500 miles long, and has its source in the immense forests of northern Wisconsin. It is fed, as a glance at a map of the State of Wisconsin will show, by a number of small streams, draining an area of many thousand square miles. The principal industry of this section is the production of lumber, the annual cut of which, in the territory directly tributary to the Chippewa River, exceeds 600,000,000 feet, all of which is floated down the stream, and ultimately finds a market through the saw-mills of Chippewa Falls and Eau Claire, and furnishes employment to legions of loggers, wood-choppers, and other operatives, who are seriously afflicted by the recent unprecedented floods in the district traversed by the river, resulting in an incalculable destruction of property and no little loss of life. It is estimated that five thousand people have suffered direct pecuniary loss, and the milling property of twenty-five corporate firms has been damaged to an inconceivable extent, between four and five hundred buildings destroyed, one-fifth of a large city submerged, and a vast agricultural region turned into a sea.

On Tuesday night, September 9, a violent cyclone swept through the northern portion of the State, accompanied by a tremendous rain-storm. Fourteen inches of rain fell in the twenty-four hours occupied by the storm. This rainfall, with that immediately preceding it, knows no parallel in the State, except that in 1839 the mark of high water in the great flood of that year was three feet below that of the present deluge. The total damage by wind and water reached $4,000,000—an appalling catastrophe indeed!

The city of Chippewa Falls is a considerable sufferer. It boasted of having the largest saw-mill under one roof in the world, which frequently cut 360,000 feet in a single day; while the Chippewa River from this point to Eau Claire was lined with similar institutions, all of which are now total wrecks, and a long time must elapse before they can be rebuilt. It is the custom to store the logs previous to sawing, and until such time as they are needed, in various "booms" constructed in "pockets" along the banks of the river; and the unexpected bursting of these booms on Thursday morning, the 11th instant, hurled 400,000,000 monarchs of the forest with irresistible force against bridges, dams, houses, and mills, crushing the strongest structure into fragments as if built of straw. The crash came without a moment's warning.

It was two o'clock when the first shock was felt, and before dawn the destruction was complete. So suddenly had the blow come that men on the watch had scarcely time to escape. Families were carried away, their dwelling-houses proving their floating biers. The noise and din occasioned by the advance of the avalanche of liberated logs is described as having been terrible. Huge trees were shot up thirty or forty feet into the air, falling only to rise again. The groaning and shrieking of the logs as they moved in a seething mass completely drowned all cries for succor, and the gloom of night increased the horror of the situation.

Many exciting incidents and narrow escapes are recorded. At one place a devoted mother stood in the raging waters holding her little child high above her head for three hours, until help came. A house had floated twelve miles, surrounded by logs, before two boys who had been left in it could be rescued from their perilous position. No less remarkable, though not so thrilling, was the fact that several horses and a cow were taken out from a barn, not far from the place where the boys were rescued, the day following the first rush.

At Eau Claire 150 houses were destroyed, and the damage would have been much greater had not a "jam" occurred at a spot called the "Dells," about a mile and a half above the city, which arrested the progress of an enormous mass of logs, estimated at 250,000,000 feet. As it was, the water and a number of fugitive logs created considerable havoc, destroying the gas-works and the machinery for the dynamo-electric light. It looks dismal enough there now, and the fortunate store-keepers who had a supply of lamps and oil are reaping a rich harvest.

Only one bridge out of twenty is left on the Chippewa River, and the railroad line from Eau Claire to Wabasha has been almost entirely obliterated. It is stated that six months must elapse before trains on that route will again be running. The Wisconsin Central Railroad Company lost two fine bridges, and its track was washed so as to impede traffic, but with the promptitude which characterizes Western people it has made temporary arrangements, and its trains are again running on time. The *sang-froid* of the inhabitants would amaze Eastern people. Already they were at work righting things with hearty will, extending to their more unfortunate neighbors necessary aid and comforts. Some scenes, were it not for their tragic aspects, would be comical. A man with a large family moved out of his house the day before the flood came. The force of the logs threw his house on its side, and on the Sunday following he was seen moving his effects back into his house, which still retained its lateral position. His garden patch was covered to a depth of fifteen feet with huge logs. It was quite possible he saw that the labor of removing the valuable débris from his land would recompense him for a portion of his loss. At all events, he did not appear to feel very much distressed, the weather being warm.

Many of the laborers are of French Canadian descent, accustomed to hardship; and earning their livelihood in the logging business, they are constantly on the lookout for disasters, but they hardly could have been expected to have imagined that the water would sweep away cottages from the banks of a river fully twenty-seven feet above the ordinary high-water mark.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A resident of Harlem claims to have discovered why the hands of his gas-meter have been revolving with such frightful rapidity during the past four years. He is to be congratulated upon the condition of mind in which he finds himself. It must be a great relief, not to say comfort, to him to have found an explanation which seems to be within the bounds of reason. It does not appear that his meter has been impoverishing him any more rapidly than the average gas-meter impoverishes its victims; but while other sufferers have been baffled in every attempt to arrive at a comprehension of the mysterious ways of their meters, he has come upon circumstances which seem to elucidate the mystery, and which he has made the basis of an action at law. After devoting four years to an effort to make his income equal to the demands of his gas-meter, he decided to abandon the premises, and while vacating the cellar he discovered that the pipes supplying the entire building with gas radiated from his meter. The connections, he alleges, have existed during the four years of his residence there. He now brings suit to compel the owner of the building to make good to him the amount he has paid for illuminating his neighbors' apartments from one leap-year to another. The landlord, with but natural faith in the enduring incomprehensibility of the gas-meter, asks that he be compelled to prove his claim. Counsel for the plaintiff petitions for the appointment of a referee who shall be of a mathematical turn of mind, and possessed of aptness for detecting hocus-pocus in inanimate things, to investigate the conduct of the meter during the four years in question.

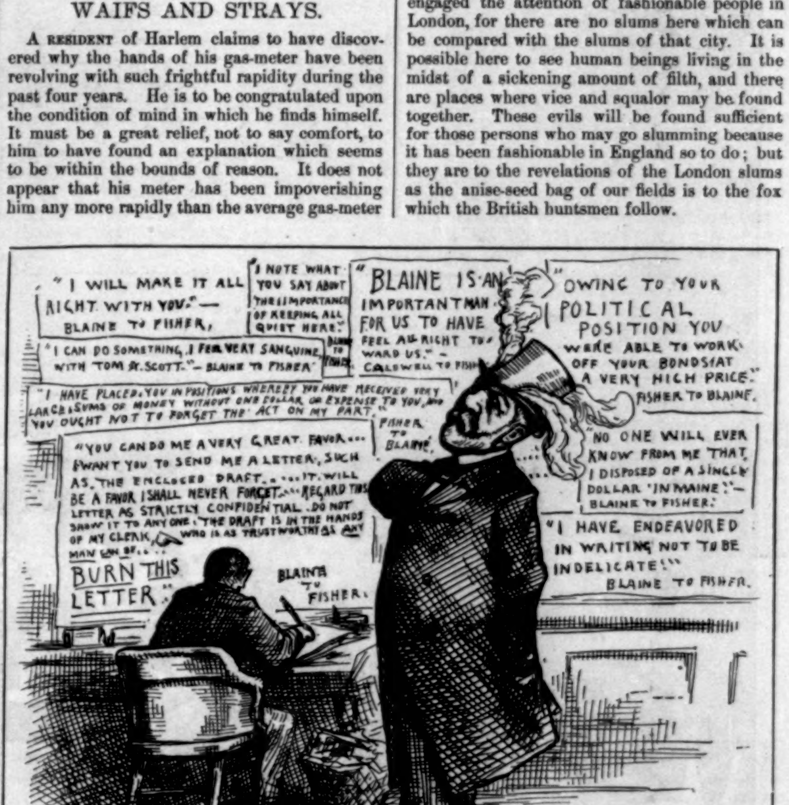
The farmers of Georgia complain that the seeds of the ox-eye daisy were carried there in the hay sent from the North to feed the horses of Sherman's army, and that this posy has become so numerous that they "would be glad to bestow every bit of the weed upon the æsthetic Northern young women who are so fond of it." If, instead of despairing of ever attaining æsthetic appreciation of the daisy, the Georgians would take the Northern farmer's view of it, regard it as fodder, and cut it before the stems became woody, they would find that their cattle would eat it almost as eagerly as their timothy and redtop.

During the September heated term Chief Engineer Martin observed the pyrometric qualities of the East River Bridge. He is reported as having said that the slip-joint in the centre of the structure showed an expansion by the heat of about twelve inches, and that the bridge responded very readily to changes in temperature.

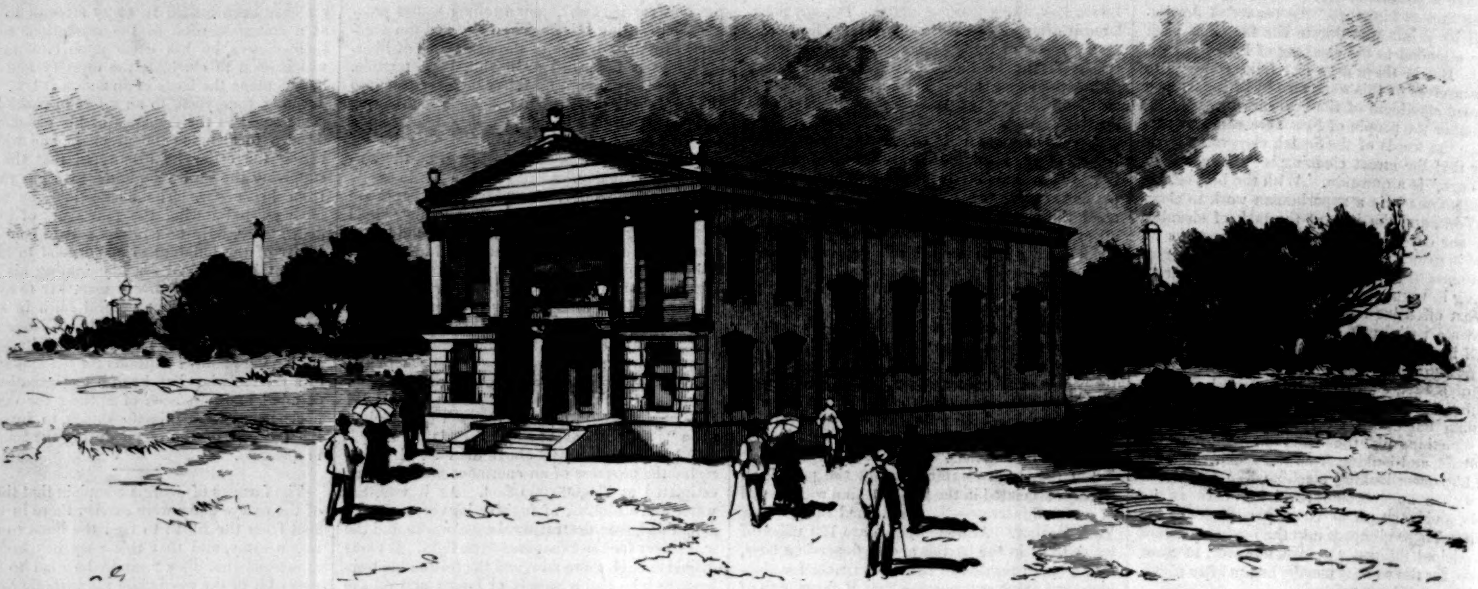
Strange crimes come to light, and criminals in interesting variety are brought up in our police courts. Recently a man without hands was arraigned as a pickpocket in the Tombs. It was charged that, using his teeth, he had relieved a man of a six-dollar silver watch in a Mulberry Street stale-beer dive, where beer drained from kegs lying in front of dram-shops is dealt out at three cents a quart.

It is expected that the contributions of the colored people to the World's Exposition in New Orleans will constitute an interesting and novel feature of the affair. To be invited to take part in so important an enterprise is a new experience for the colored people, and they are entering into the work with the utmost fervor.

It is printed that "slumming" is beginning to be fashionable in this town; not benevolent slumming, but slumming out of curiosity. It must, however, be a weak imitation of that which engaged the attention of fashionable people in London, for there are no slums here which can be compared with the slums of that city. It is possible here to see human beings living in the midst of a sickening amount of filth, and there are places where vice and squalor may be found together. These evils will be found sufficient for those persons who may go slumming because it has been fashionable in England so to do; but they are to the revelations of the London slums as the anise-seed bag of our fields is to the fox which the British huntsmen follow.


"I WILL MAKE IT ALL RIGHT WITH YOU." — BLAINE TO FISHER,
"I NOTE WHAT YOU SAY ABOUT THE IMPORTANCE OF KEEPING ALL QUIET HERE." BLAINE TO FISHER
"BLAINE IS AN IMPORTANT MAN FOR US TO HAVE FEEL ALL RIGHT TOWARD US." — CALDWELL TO FISHER
"OWING TO YOUR POLITICAL POSITION YOU WERE ABLE TO WORK OFF YOUR BONDS AT A VERY HIGH PRICE." FISHER TO BLAINE.
"I CAN DO SOMETHING, I FEEL VERY SANGUINE, WITH TOM A. SCOTT." — BLAINE TO FISHER
"I HAVE PLACED YOU IN POSITIONS WHEREBY YOU HAVE RECEIVED VERY LARGE SUMS OF MONEY WITHOUT ONE DOLLAR OR EXPENSE TO YOU, AND YOU OUGHT NOT TO FORGET THE ACT ON MY PART." FISHER TO BLAINE.
"YOU CAN DO ME A VERY GREAT FAVOR... I WANT YOU TO SEND ME A LETTER, SUCH AS THE ENCLOSED DRAFT..... IT WILL BE A FAVOR I SHALL NEVER FORGET.... REGARD THIS LETTER AS STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL. DO NOT SHOW IT TO ANY ONE. THE DRAFT IS IN THE HANDS OF MY CLERK, WHO IS AS TRUSTWORTHY AS ANY MAN CAN BE.... BURN THIS LETTER." BLAINE TO FISHER.
"NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW FROM ME THAT I DISPOSED OF A SINGLE DOLLAR 'IN MAINE'." — BLAINE TO FISHER.
"I HAVE ENDEAVORED IN WRITING NOT TO BE INDELICATE!" BLAINE TO FISHER.

SLIPPERY JIM DICTATING HIS LETTER OF EXONERATION TO HIMSELF.
[See Letter in Supplement.]



THE TEMPLE.

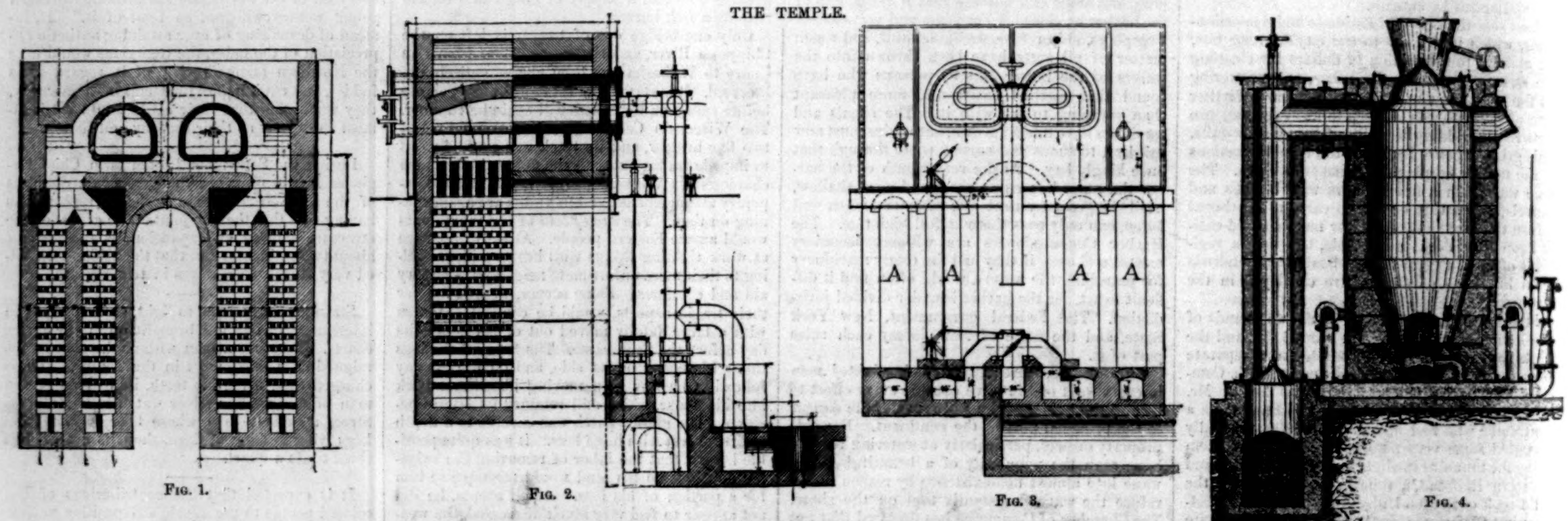


Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

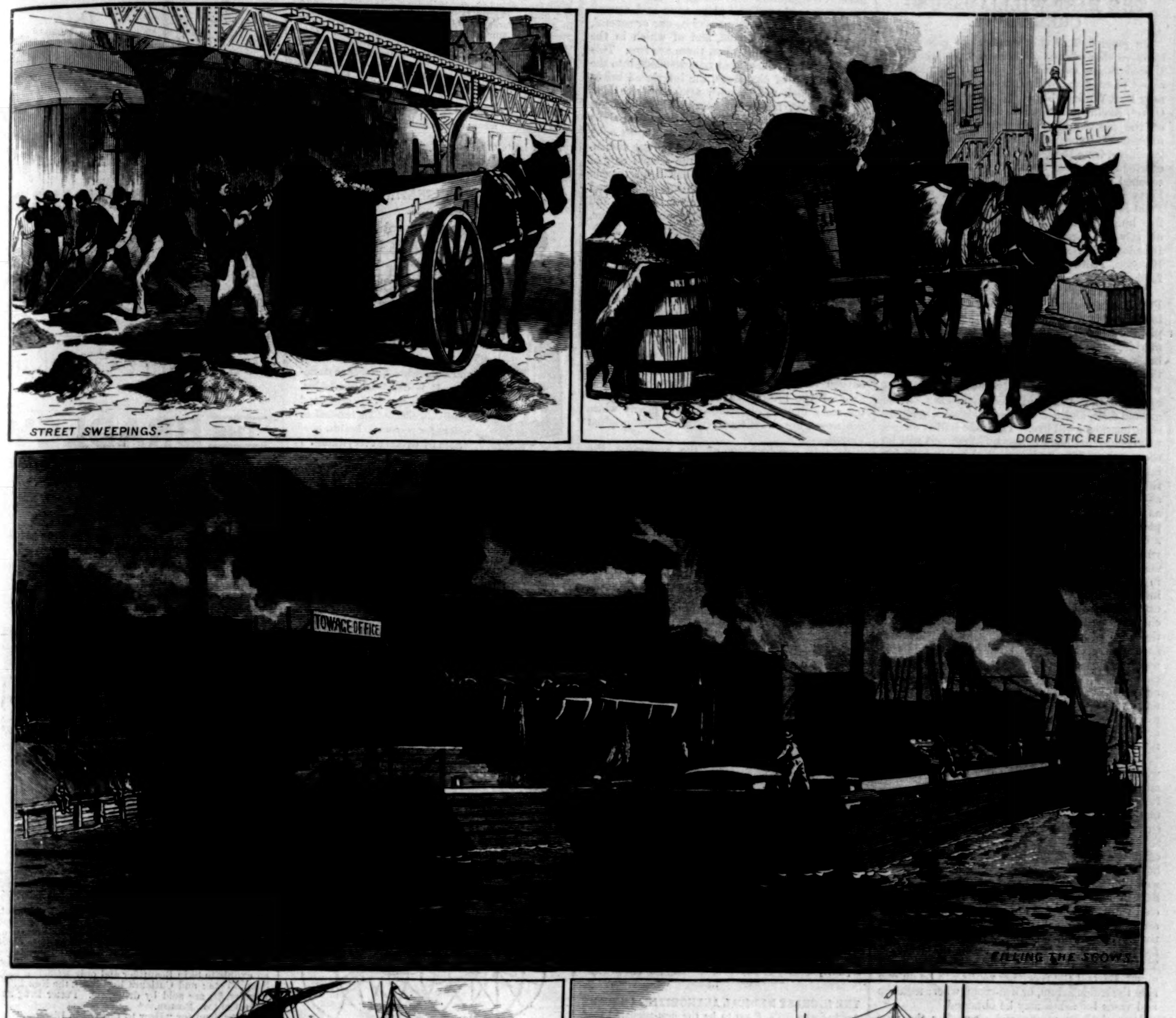
Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

DETAILS OF THE INCINERATING FURNACE.

THE CREMATORY TO BE ERECTED NEAR EAST WILLIAMSBURG, LONG ISLAND.—[See Page 640.]

THE PARADE OF THE ORDER OF CINCINNATUS, IN CINCINNATI.—From a Sketch by George W. Potter.—[See Page 633.]


STREET SWEEPINGS.

DOMESTIC REFUSE.

FILLING THE SCOWS.

STEAMER CINDERS.

DOCK DREDGING.

OFF TO FILL UP THE CHANNEL.

THE GATHERING AND REMOVAL OF REFUSE FROM THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY FREDERICK RAY.—[SEE PAGE 636.]

THE EAST WILLIAMSBURG CREMATORY.

On page 638 of this number we give a perspective view of the Cremation Temple which the United States Cremation Company (Limited) is about to erect upon the summit of Mount Olivet, near East Williamsburg. The site is bounded by Olivet, Evelin, and Summit avenues respectively on the east, south, and west, and commands an unobstructed view of the cities of New York and Brooklyn, from the centré of population in either of which it is about five miles distant. It is best reached from New York by Thirty-fourth Street Ferry and the Long Island Railroad to Fresh Pond Station, from which it is in full view, some five hundred yards distant. It is also reached directly by horse-cars from Grand Street and Broadway ferries, as likewise from Roosevelt, Houston, Tenth Street, and Twenty-third Street ferries.

The Crematory, of which Messrs. Cleverdon & Putyel are the architects, is to be of marble and brick, and is a modification of the Grecian temple, the front being two stories, entirely of white marble, while the body of the building will be of brick, with marble trimmings, and patterned after the Grecian temple or basilica. Its dimensions will be forty feet by seventy-four. In the front are to be the office and reception-rooms on the ground-floor, and a *conciergerie* above, where the superintendent will live. The main hall or chapel will occupy the body of the building, and will be severely simple in its interior finish, the walls being tinted, and the ceiling finished in square half-timbered panels or with open timbers. The side and rear walls within the chapel will be utilized as a columbarium, wherein, in niches, may be placed the ashes of the deceased. There will be a dais at the rear, with lecturn, where all creeds will stand on an equality. In front of this will stand the catafalque, a permanent fixture, within which the body will be placed as it is borne into the chapel. After receiving the body the catafalque will be closed. The section of the chapel floor under the catafalque will constitute the floor of an elevator, by means of which, as soon as the catafalque is closed, the body will descend noiselessly and imperceptibly to the incinerating chamber in the basement. The service and the incineration will proceed simultaneously, and an hour or less after the body has been placed therein the catafalque may be opened, and the urn containing the ashes of the deceased taken therefrom.

Descending to the basement of the building, we find in the front on the one side a hot and on the other a cold receiving vault. The former is intended for cases of possibly suspended animation or coma. Here the temperature will be so high that if there is life in the body it must speedily manifest itself, and if not, the evidences of death will quickly reveal themselves. This hot vault is called the calidarium, and will be a well-lighted and airy room, albeit the air will have a high temperature. The frigidarium, or cold vault, will be for the preservation of bodies awaiting the arrival of distant friends and relatives. There will, of course, be a moderate charge for placing and keeping bodies in these vaults. The basement throughout will be high, light, and airy. Beyond the receiving vaults will be on one side the ædicularium, or urn-room, where ædiculæ and vases for ashes may be obtained.

Beyond these rooms, and occupying the rear of the basement, will be the incinerating apparatus, combining a producer and a Siemens regenerator together with a duplex incinerating chamber, into which, when at a temperature of about 2000° Fahrenheit, the body is borne in a metallic carriage.

The apparatus, in its essential features, consists of a gas-producer and a furnace. The Philips producer, which has been adopted by the company, uses as fuel anthracite pea coal, and is preferred, partly on this account, above producers which use bituminous coal, naphtha, or crude petroleum, because its operation is free from smoke and noxious or offensive odors, as also from deposits of coal-tar in the flues. In this producer the coal burned under pressure, with the aid of a steam blast, which renders it independent of chimney draught, is converted into inflammable gas, and this gas is afterward consumed in the furnace proper.

As ordinarily burned in stoves and furnaces, coal produces carbonic oxide gas, and in doing so develops but about one-third of the quantity of heat of which it is capable. This carbonic oxide gas is carried into the furnace with its initial one-third of heat, less the small fraction radiated from the producer and connecting flues, and there, in conjunction with an abundant supply of oxygen, is completely burned, producing carbonic acid gas, and developing in the process of this completed combustion the additional two-thirds of heat of which it is capable.

Having the entire heating capacity of the fuel thus developed, it is manifest that if it be simply thrown as a blast or current against a retort or other object to be heated, and thence allowed to pass into the chimney, only a small proportion of the heat is utilized, the greater measure of it going to waste.

Just here it is that the regenerative furnace invented by the eminent Siemens, and greatly improved by Mr. Ferdinand Philips, of Philadelphia, steps in to do its special work, which consists in storing this waste heat in an elaborate mass of interlaced fire-bricks shown in Figs. 1 and 2. This consists of four recuperating chambers beneath the furnace proper, arranged in pairs on each side of the furnace, as shown in Fig. 3—A, A, A, A. The gas from the producer, Fig. 4, is introduced through one of these chambers, passing through fine slits throughout the surface length of the compartment. The sister chamber of the pair serves at the same time and in the same manner to supply hot air, which enters the furnace in conjunction with the gas. An intensely hot flame thus produced plays upon and around the retorts, of which there may be one or several, as occasion may demand, and of which in the furnace under consideration there are two. This flame with its intense heat now descends into the opposite pair of chambers, the interlaced brick-work of which will speedily attain a white heat on top, which heat diminishes with the descent until the base is reached, where, as indicated by the shading, the "checker-work" is almost cold. Now, by reversing the feed-valves, the gas and superheated air are turned into the second pair of chambers, and the heat that has been therein stored is carried back into the furnace, upon and around the retorts, which are of fire-clay, and which, after two or three reversals of the valves, will have attained any desired heat, from 2000° to 3000° Fahrenheit. All that is volatile will be driven off, escaping through the flue at the rear end of the retorts, as shown in Fig. 3, and being conducted thence into the regenerative chambers, where they remain subjected to an intense heat until completely broken up and burned.

The frame-work of the body, from which the volatile matter has been driven off, is now carbonized, and, as viewed through the spy-holes, is luminous and incandescent. By the admission of oxygen from the atmosphere, upon opening the door of the retort, oxidation is completed, and the mass disintegrates into a pure pearly white ash, averaging about four per cent. of the original weight.

In this construction of the apparatus the flames do not come in contact with the body at all at any time, and the gaseous products of the incineration are rendered thoroughly innocuous and odorless before being liberated, while the ashes remaining are as pure and clean as the virgin snow.

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

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Some people are slow in telling what good things have been done for them, but Mr. John P. Daly, of Gillisonville, S. C., says he takes great pleasure in testifying to the wonderful efficacy of Brown's Iron Bitters in dyspepsia, fever and ague, and general debility of the system. He has personally experienced the most satisfactory results from the use of this valuable medicine. Make a memorandum of this, all ye whose systems are run down. Brown's Iron Bitters will cure you.—[*Adv.*]

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"Rough on Pain" Plaster.—Poroused, strengthening, for Backache, Pains in the Chest, Rheumatism, 25c. —[*Adv.*]

THE HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES CONCEDE Anglo-Swiss Milk Food to be the best-prepared food for infants and invalids. Ask druggists, or write Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co., 86 Hudson St., New York, for their pamphlet, "Notes regarding Use of Anglo-Swiss Milk Food." (See advertisement in next issue of this paper.)—[*Adv.*]

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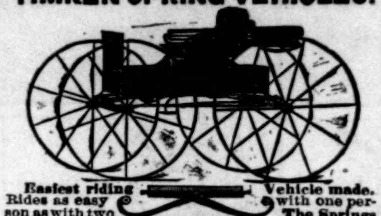

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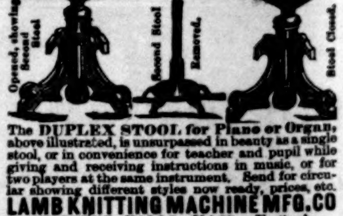

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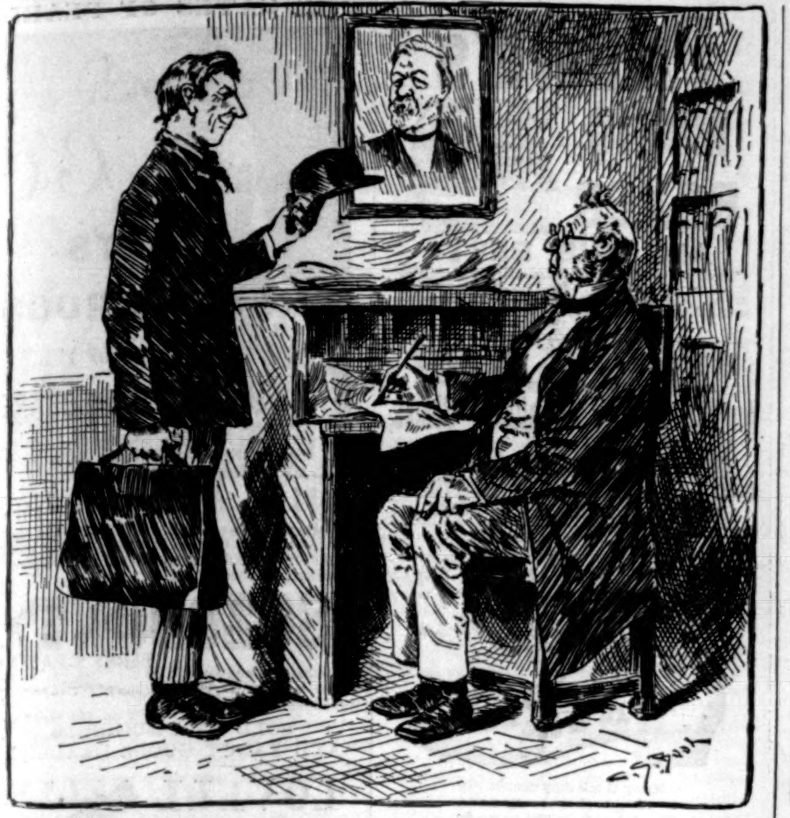

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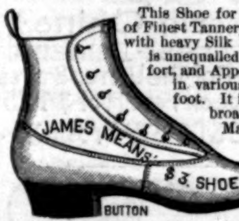

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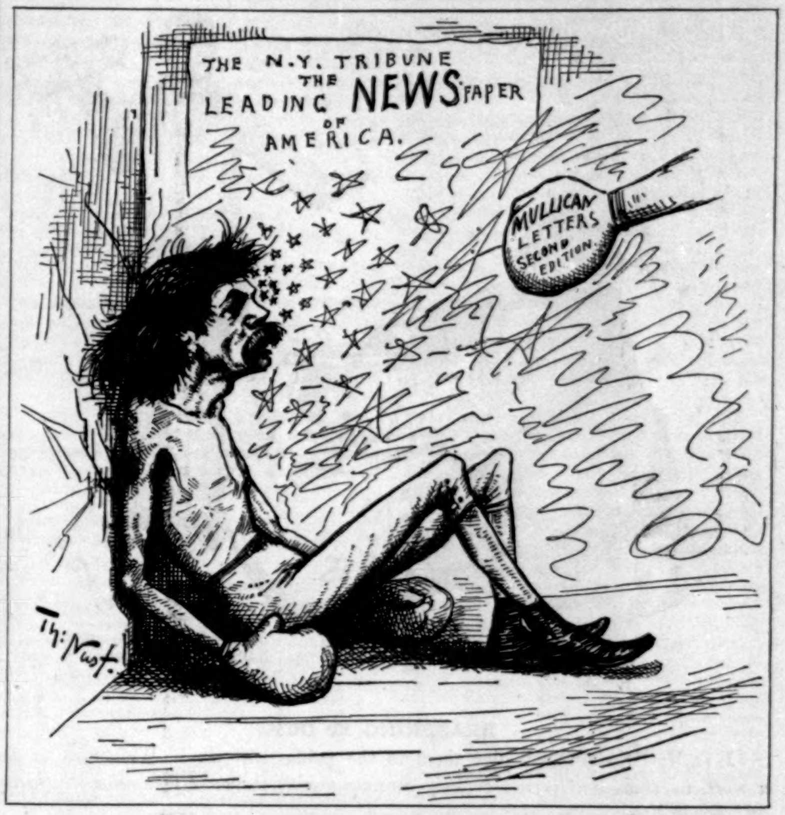
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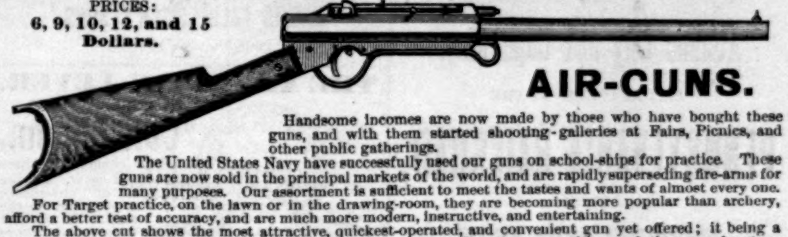

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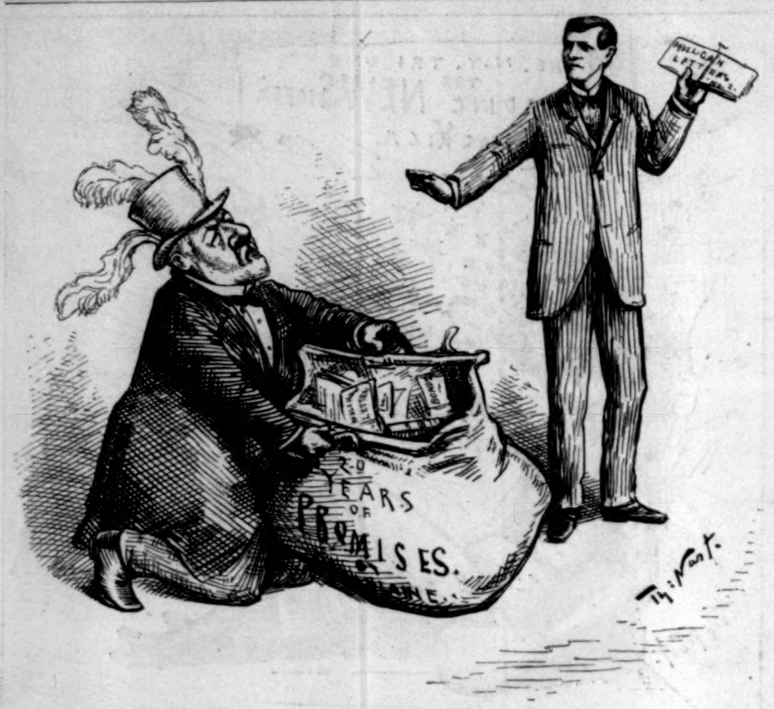

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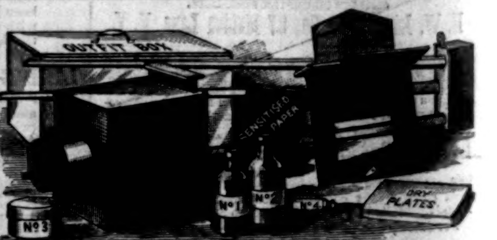

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We don't suppose that every one who buys a camera will want to turn it to making money, but we believe that any young man or lady can easily earn a hundred times the price of the outfit. **A dozen photographs will not cost all mounted over 25 or 30 cents,** and you can easily estimate what you could sell them for. The camera can be carried everywhere, and pictures of many things can be taken that would be inconvenient to obtain from a regular photographer. **WHEN GOING UPON A VACATION OR VOYAGE** a camera is productive of the utmost pleasure. All of the most interesting objects can be photographed and the plates kept until it is convenient to develop and print the pictures, thus preserving momentoes that otherwise would be impossible to obtain. It is only after many attempts and personal application to the manufacturers in Europe that we have been able to produce this camera at the present price, and we have no doubt but that the demand will fully justify the expense we have been to in order to offer it for **FIVE DOLLARS,** which is the price for the camera complete, with all the articles shown and enumerated, packed in a strong wooden case with handle, and sent by express to any address, **on receipt of price.**

The Gem Camera and outfit complete, consists of the following articles, which are all that are necessary to take, develop, and print a photograph: **BLACK WALNUT CAMERA and ACHROMATIC LENS, with sliding tube and cap, FOCUSSING SLIDE and DARK SLIDE,** WITH INTERIOR SLIDE AND FLAP, **1 package of instantaneous dry plates, 1 package of sensitized paper,** and all the chemicals necessary for developing, printing, and toning the photographs, with complete directions, all packed in a carrying case with handle, together with a black walnut and ash tripod stand. When mounted on the tripod, the camera stands four feet and a half high.

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BOSTON CAMERA COMPANY, 35 Batterymarch Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

THE BLAINE LETTERS.

NOTES.

Chiefly cross-references to letters and statements in this Supplement.

JAMES G. BLAINE was a member of the Fortieth Congress (March, 1867–9) and Speaker of the House in the Forty-first, Forty-second, and Forty-third Congresses (1869–75). Mr. Blaine was also elected to the Forty-fourth Congress (1875), but the House had become Democratic, and elected a Democratic Speaker. Certain charges having been made, Mr. Blaine, April 24, 1876, made a "personal explanation" in the House, in the course of which he said:

See Blaine's letter January 26, 1871; also Fisher's letter November 10, 1871.

"**I never had any transaction of any kind with Thomas A. Scott** concerning bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith road, or the bonds of any other railroad, or any business in any way connected with railroads, directly or indirectly, immediately or remotely."

See Blaine's memorandum-book, showing contract for $157,500 bonds; also his letter October 4, 1871.

"To give a seeming corroboration or foundation to the story which I have disproved, the absurd rumor has lately appeared in certain newspapers that I was the owner of from $150,000 to $250,000 of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad bonds, which I received without consideration, and that it was from these bonds that Thomas A. Scott received his $75,000. The statement is gratuitously and utterly false."

See Blaine's memorandum-book, and letter October 4, 1871; also Fisher's letters April 13 and 16, 1872.

"In common with hundreds of other people in New England and other parts of the country, **I bought** some of these bonds, **not a very large amount,** paying for them at precisely the same rate that others paid. I never heard, and do not believe, that the Little Rock Company, which I know is controlled by highly honorable men, ever parted with a bond to any person **except at the regular price fixed for their sale.**"

See Blaine's letters October 4, 1869—"No one will ever know from me"; October 5, 1869—"I note what you say about the importance of keeping all quiet here, ...and shall endeavor to do just what you desire"; November 25, 1870—"Keep my name quiet"; April 16, 1876—"Burn this letter." "Do not show it to any one."

"In addition to my investment in the bonds I united with others in raising some money for the company when it met its first financial troubles. Proceedings are now pending in the United States Circuit Court of Arkansas, to which I am a party of record, for the re-imbursement of the money so advanced. All the bonds which I ever **purchased** I continued to hold when the company was reorganized in 1874. I exchanged them for stock and bonds in the new concern, which I still own. **My whole connection with the road has been as open as the day. If there had been anything to conceal about it, I should never have touched it. Wherever concealment is desirable, avoidance is advisable, and I do not know any better test to apply to the honor and fairness of a business transaction.** As to the question of propriety involved in a member of Congress holding an investment of this kind, it must be remembered **the lands were granted to the State of Arkansas, and not to the railroad company,*** and that the company derived its life, franchise, and value wholly from the State, and to the State the company is amenable and answerable, and **not in any sense to Congress.** Since I **purchased** the bonds but one act of Congress† has passed in any way touching the subject, and **that was merely to rectify a previous mistake in legislation.**"

* This act was "to extend the time for the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad Company to complete the first section of twenty miles of said road," passed April 18, 1869.—See *Congressional Globe*, Appendix 1869, p. 51. It did not require the intervention of the State of Arkansas.

† This act repealed the following proviso, affecting the land grant bonds obtained by Mr. Blaine: *Provided*, That the land granted by the act hereby revived shall be sold to actual settlers only in quantities not greater than one quarter of a section to one purchaser, and for a price not exceeding two dollars and fifty cents per acre. See *Congressional Globe*, February 2 *et seq.*, 1870.

"I repeat, the Little Rock road derived all that it had from the State of Arkansas, and **not from Congress.** It was in the discretion of Congress to give or withhold from the State, but it was solely within the discretion of the State to give or withhold from the Little Rock Railroad Company."

"Instead of receiving bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith road as a gratuity, **I never had one except at the regular market price,** and instead of making a large fortune of that company, I have incurred a severe pecuniary loss from my investment in its securities, which I still retain; and out of such affairs as this grows the popular gossip of large fortunes amassed in Congress."

"I have never done anything in my public career for which I could be put to the faintest blush in any presence, or for which I can not answer to my constituents, my conscience, and the Great Searcher of Hearts."

Mr. Blaine at the time of making this statement supposed that all letters which had passed between him and Mr. Warren Fisher, Jun., of Boston, a partner of Mr. Blaine's brother-in-law Mr. Stanwood, had been given up.

"There is another reason which made it particularly exasperating to me, that is, that in the month of September, 1872, Mr. Fisher and I.....had a final settlement, in which we exchanged receipts in full. I think the precise date was September 21, 1872. It was then said that all letters on either side, and all papers and scraps of papers, should be given up, and I supposed they were given up."—*Testimony of Mr. Blaine before Judiciary Committee.*

In May, 1876, however, the Judiciary Committee was conducting an investigation into certain railroad matters, and subpœnaed Mr. Fisher and Mr. James Mulligan, his book-keeper. Mr. Mulligan brought with him a number of letters, memoranda, etc., which Mr. Blaine procured from him in the famous interview, and from which, under pressure from the press and his political friends, Mr. Blaine read in his second "personal explanation" of June 5, 1876. The following comprise the letters read by Mr. Blaine, that of November 25, 1870, made public through the New York *Sun* by Mr. Aquila Adams, and the others since furnished to the public by Mr. Fisher and Mr. Mulligan, chronologically arranged. On June 12, 1876, Mr. Blaine had his sunstroke, and the investigation was postponed, and it was never completed, Mr. Blaine having meanwhile been appointed to Secretary Morrill's vacant place in the Senate.

WASHINGTON, *May* 26, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your favor received. I am very glad, all things considered, that the Government has accepted your proposition to take all your manufacture till 1st September, 1865. It gives a straight and steady business for the company for a good stretch of time.

In regard to the tax provision you can judge for yourself, as I send herewith a copy of the bill as reported from the Finance Committee of the Senate and now pending in that body—see pages 148–149, where I have marked. In looking over the bill you will please observe that all words in italic letters are amendments proposed by the Senate Finance Committee, while all words included in brackets are proposed to be struck out by same committee.

The provision which you inquire about was not in the original bill, but was an amendment moved from the Ways and Means Committee by Mr. Kasson, of Iowa, **to whom I suggested it.** It is just and proper in every sense, and will effect a good many interests, **including your company.** I am glad to hear such good accounts of your progress in the affairs of the company, of which **I have always been proud to be a member.**

Tell Mr. Welles that his brother has been nominated by the Senate for commissary of subsistence, with rank of captain. He will undoubtedly be confirmed as soon as his case can be reached. I will advise as soon as it is done.

In haste, yours truly, J. G. BLAINE.

WARREN FISHER, JR., ESQ.

AUGUSTA, *June* 29, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—I thank you for the article from Mr. Lewis. It is good in itself, and will do good. He writes like a man of large intelligence and comprehension.

See note to next letter, July 2, 1869.

Your offer to admit me to a participation in the new railroad enterprise **is in every respect as generous as I could expect or desire.** I thank you very sincerely for it, and in this connection **I wish to make a suggestion of a somewhat selfish character.** It is this: You spoke of Mr. Caldwell disposing of a share of his interest to me. If he really designs to do so, **I wish he would make the proposition definite, so that I could know just what to depend on.** Perhaps if he waits till the full development of the enterprise he might grow reluctant to part with the share; and I do not by this mean any distrust of him.

I do not feel that I shall prove a dead-head in the enterprise if I once embark in it. I see various channels in which I know I can be useful.

Very hastily and sincerely, your friend, J. G. BLAINE.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, *July 2d*, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—You ask me if I am satisfied with the offer you make me of a share in your new railroad enterprise.

"In common with hundreds of other people in New England and other parts of the country, I **bought** some of these bonds—not a very large amount—paying for them at precisely the same rate that others paid."—*Blaine's explanation of April* 24, 1876.

Of course **I am more than satisfied** with the terms of the offer. **I think it a most liberal proposition.**

If I hesitate at all, it is from considerations no way connected with the character of the offer. **Your liberal mode of dealing with me** in all our business transactions of the past eight years **has not passed without my full appreciation.** What I wrote you on the 29th was intended to bring Caldwell to a definite proposition. That was all.

I go to Boston by same train that carries this letter, and will call at your office to-morrow at 12 M. If you don't happen to be in, no matter. Don't put yourself to any trouble about it.

Yours, J. G. B.

The following are the contents of a memorandum-book in the handwriting of Mr. Blaine, produced by Mr. Mulligan before the Judiciary Committee (containing schedules of contract of September 5, 1869), and which is labelled on the outer cover:

"*Warren Fisher, Jr., private.*"

[*First page of mem.-book.*]

Synopsis on next and following pages of the **contracts** made **through J. G. Blaine by Warren Fisher, Jr.,** as assignee of the contract for building the Little Rock & Fort Smith Railroad.

See also contract of September 5, 1869, given on editorial page.

[*Second and third pages of mem.-book.*]

Contracts made by Warren Fisher, Jr., with the following-named persons to deliver the stock and bonds named, on their paying the amounts named:

Name.	Residence.	To Pay.	To Receive.		
			Common Stock.	Preferred Stock.	First m. Bonds.
A. & P. Coburn	Skowhegan	$50,000 √	$50,000	$50,000	$50,000
×Peter F. Sanborn	Augusta ...	10,000	10,000	10,000	10,000
×Anson P. Morrill	Readfield ..	10,000 √	10,000	10,000	10,000
×Ralph C. Johnson	Belfast	√10,000	10,000	10,000	10,000
×P. R. Hazeltine	"	√ 5,000	5,000	5,000	5,000
×C. B. Hazeltine	"	√ 5,000	5,000	5,000	5,000
×N. P. Monroe	"	√ 5,000	5,000	5,000	5,000
×A. W. Johnson (deceased)	"	√ 5,000	5,000	5,000	5,000
×H. H. Johnson	"	√ 5,000	5,000	5,000	5,000
×Philo Hersey	"	√ 5,000	5,000	5,000	5,000
×Lot M. Morrill	Augusta ...	√ 5,000	5,000	5,000	5,000
×A. B. Farnell	" ...	5,000	5,000	5,000	5,000
*Jos. H. Williams	" ...	5,000	5,000	5,000	5,000
×C. M. Bailey	Winthrop .	√ 5,000	5,000	5,000	5,000
		$130,000	$130,000	$130,000	$130,000

[* The name Jos. H. Williams, "$5,000," is erased in pencil.]

"The absurd rumor has lately appeared in certain newspapers that I was the owner of from $150,000 to $250,000 of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad bonds, which I received without consideration, and that it was from these bonds that Thomas A. Scott received his $75,000. The statement is gratuitously and utterly false.... In common with hundreds of other people in New England and other parts of the country, I **bought** some of the bonds—not a very large amount—paying for them at precisely the same rate that others paid. I never heard and do not believe that the Little Rock Company—which I know is controlled by highly honorable men—ever parted with a bond to any person except at the regular price fixed for their sale.... Instead of receiving bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith road as a gratuity I never had one except at the regular market price."—*Blaine's personal explanation of April* 24, 1876.

[*Fourth page of memorandum-book.*]

In addition to the common stock, preferred stock, and first mortgage bonds agreed to be delivered to the respective parties named on the preceding page, **Mr. Fisher agrees to deliver to J. G. Blaine a similar amount of land bonds and 25 per. cent. of first mort. bonds,** viz.:

Land bond, 7s	$130,000
First mortgage bonds, 6s	32,500

The same to be del'd. by Mr. Fisher as soon as ready for distribution.

[*Fifth page of memorandum-book.*]

The other contracts on different bases are as follows:

1. With Joseph A. Sanborn and Charles M. Bailey, Mr. Fisher agrees to deliver
   - $8,000 common stock.
   - ×8,000 preferred stock.
   - 8,000 land bonds.
   - 10,000 first mortgage bonds.

All for $12,500, payable—
$600 } $3,000, November 25, 1869.
$2,200 } 3,000, December 5, 1869.
$1,700 } 2,500, January 5, 1870.
800, February 5, 1870.
800, March 5, 1870.
800, April 5, 1870.
800, May 5, 1870.
800, June 5, 1870.
$12,500

The amounts inclosed on left-hand margin above, $600, $2,200, $1,700, are payable by Mr. Fisher to Mr. Blaine.

The sixth and seventh pages of memorandum-book contained three contracts similar to the last, in which the amounts to be paid Mr. Blaine were respectively $3500, $1150, and $6000.

AUGUSTA, ME., *October* 4, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. FISHER,—Find inclosed $10,000 check in pay't of A. & P. Coburn's subscription.

I presume you will receive by same mail the 20 p'r ct. due on all the subscriptions already forwarded to you, and also on the following:

Philo Hersey,	Belfast	$5000
A. W. Johnson,	"	5000
R. C. Johnson,	"	5000
Nahum P. Munroe,	"	5000
C. B. Hazeltine,	"	5000

"My whole connection with the road has been open as the day. If there had been anything to conceal about it, I should never have touched it. Wherever concealment is advisable, avoidance is desirable; and I do not know any better test to apply to the honor and fairness of a business transaction."—*Blaine's personal explanation of April* 24, 1876.

This makes $125,000 in all I have disposed of. It is doubtful if I dispose of any more; but I shall know by to-morrow. So there will be no delay to embarrass you in any way. **No one will ever know from me that I have disposed of a single dollar in Maine.** So there need be no embarrassment in talking with Mr. Caldwell. I don't wish you to settle that matter with Mr. Caldwell **till you hear from me again.** Please send receipt to A. & P. Coburn, Skowhegan, Maine.

Yours truly, J. G. BLAINE.

"The transaction was perfectly open, and there was no more secrecy in regard to it than if you had been buying flour or sugar.... Your action in the whole matter was as open and as fair as the day."—*Blaine's draft of letter for Fisher to sign and return.*

After I rec'd the letter in regard to Mr. Adams's case I telegraphed again. Delano had ret'd, and I think the suspension was at once ordered by him.

J. G. B.

P. S.—I send only $8000 this morning. Will send $2000 remaining to-morrow morning.

[Personal.]

AUGUSTA, MAINE, *Oct.* 4, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR,—I spoke to you a short time ago about **a point of interest to your railroad company** that occurred at the last session of Congress.

"As to the question of propriety involved in a member of Congress holding an investment of this kind, it must be remembered that the lands were granted to the State of Arkansas, and not to the railroad company, and that the company derived its life, franchise, and value wholly from the State. And to the State the company is amenable and answerable, and not in any sense to Congress."—*Blaine's explanation of April* 24, 1876.

It was on the last night of the session, when the bill renewing the land grant to the State of Arkansas for the Little Rock road was reached, and Julian of Indiana, chairman of the Public Lands Committee, and by right entitled to the floor, attempted to put on the bill, as an amendment, the Fremont El Paso scheme—a scheme probably well known to Mr. Caldwell. The House was thin, and the lobby in the Fremont interest had the thing all set up, and Julian's amendment was likely to prevail if brought to a vote. Roots and other members from Arkansas, who were doing their best for their own bill (to which there seemed to be no objection), were in despair, for it was well known that the Senate was hostile to the Fremont scheme, and if the Arkansas bill had gone back to the Senate with Julian's amendment, the whole thing would have gone on the table and slept the sleep of death.

In this dilemma Roots came to me to know what on earth he could do under the rules; for he said it was vital to his constituents that the bill should pass. I told him that Julian's amendment was entirely out of order, because not germane; but he had not sufficient confidence in his knowledge of the rules to make the point, but he said General Logan was opposed to the Fremont scheme, and would probably make the point. I sent my page to General Logan with the suggestion, and he at once made the point. I could not do otherwise than sustain it; and so the bill was freed from the mischievous amendment moved by Julian, and at once passed without objection.

At that time I had never seen Mr. Caldwell, but you can tell him that without knowing it I did him a great favor.

Sincerely yours, J. G. BLAINE.

W. FISHER, JR., ESQ., 24 India Street, Boston.

"I never remember to have heard of the road until at the last night of the session, when it was up here for consideration. The gentleman in Boston with whom I had relations did not have anything to do with that road for nearly three or four months after that time. It is in the light of that statement that I desire that statement read."—*Blaine's explanation of June 5, 1876.*

Augusta, *October* 4, 1869.

My dear Mr. Fisher,—Find inclosed contracts of parties named in my letter of yesterday. The remaining contracts will be completed as rapidly as circumstances will permit.

I inclose you part of the *Congressional Globe* of April 9, containing the point to which I referred at some length in my previous letter of to-day. You will find it of interest to read it over and see **what a narrow escape your bill made** on that last night of the session. Of course it was my plain duty to make the ruling when the point was once raised. If the Arkansas men had not, however, happened to come to me when at their wits' end and in despair, the bill would undoubtedly have been lost, or at least postponed for a year. I thought the point would interest both you and Caldwell, though occurring before either of us engaged in the enterprise.

I beg you to understand that I thoroughly appreciate the courtesy with which you have treated me in this railroad matter, but your conduct toward me in business matters has always been marked by unbounded liberality in past years, and of course I have naturally come to expect the same of you now. You urge me to make as much as I fairly can out of the arrangement into which we have entered. It is natural that I should do my utmost to this end. I am bothered only by one thing, and that is definite and expressed arrangement with Mr. Caldwell. **I am anxious to acquire the interest he has promised me,** but I do not get a definite understanding with him as I have with you.

I shall be in Boston in a few days, and shall then have an opportunity to talk the matter over fully with you. I am disposed to think that whatever I do with Mr. Caldwell must really be done through you.

Kind regards to Mrs. Fisher. Sincerely, J. G. Blaine.

"My whole connection with the road has been open as the day. If there had been anything to conceal about it, I should never have touched it. Wherever concealment is advisable, avoidance is desirable; and I do not know any better test to apply to the honor and fairness of a business transaction." —*Blaine's personal explanation of April* 24, 1876.

"The transaction was perfectly open, and there was no more secrecy in regard to it than if you had been buying flour or sugar.... Your action in the whole matter was as open and as fair as the day."—*Blaine's draft of letter for Fisher to sign and return.*

$5000. Augusta, Me., 5*th Oct.*, 1869.

My dear Mr. Fisher,—I inclose you two thousand dollar check, balance of A. & P. Coburn's installment; two thousand dollars in pay't of Anson P. Morrill's installment; one thousand dollars in pay't of Lot M. Morrill's installment. Lot M. Morrill's subscription of $5000 is additional to those already advised, making in all $130,000. There may possibly be $20,000 more, but $150,000 will be my limit.

I received yours inclosing P. R. Hazeltine's letter from Belfast. By mail succeeding this you will receive Cashier Check for $1000, and hereafter you will have no trouble with any of the Maine subscriptions. All will come to you in Cash'r Checks or money direct by express.

I note what you say about the importance of my keeping all quiet here. I fully appreciate y'r wisdom and y'r kindness, **and shall endeavor to do just as you desire in the premises.** The letter inclosing the Globe by same mail with this can be read by you to Mr. Caldwell if you think it expedient. I have endeavored in writing it not to be *indelicate.*

I shall see you in Boston Thursday noon. Don't send any receipts to Maine folks till I come. Yours, J. G. Blaine.

"I have never done anything in my public career for which I could be put to the faintest blush in any presence, or for which I can not answer to my constituents, my conscience, and the Great Searcher of Hearts." —*Blaine's explanation of April* 24, 1876.

Augusta, Me., 18*th Nov.*, 1869.

My dear Mr. Fisher,—It is quite evident to my mind that at the approaching session of Congress there will be an expansion of the currency to the amount of fifty to seventy-five millions of dollars. The form it will take, I think, will be an addition to the National Bank circulation West and South.

My object in writing is to ask in season if your friends would desire to establish a Bank at Little Rock. **It will be to some extent a matter of favoritism** as to who gets the Banks in the several localities, **and it will be in my power to "cast an Anchor to the Windward"** in y'r behalf if you desire it. Please think over the matter, and confer with Mr. Caldwell, and let me know y'r desires as soon as you reach any conclusion. There is, of course, no special hurry; but I thought I would suggest the matter in order that you might mature your thoughts in good time.

It would be well to determine the amount to which you might wish to go. I suppose it might be practicable to secure a $500,000 bank; but in that locality you would hardly wish to go so deep. But they are very profitable institutions—say $250,000. Yours very truly, J. G. Blaine.

Washington, *May* 14, 1870.

My dear Mr. Fisher,—I think on the whole I had better not insist on the $40,000 additional bonds at same rate. My engagement was not *absolute*, and I can back out of it with honor. I would rather do this than seem to be exacting or indelicate.

Besides, I have always felt that Mr. Caldwell manifested the most gentlemanly spirit toward me, and designed to treat me handsomely in the end. On the whole, therefore, I shall be better off perhaps to let things remain as they are. But I will follow your judgment in this matter if I can find what it is.

Very hastily, J. G. Blaine.

(Private.) Augusta, Me., *Nov.* 25, 1870.

My dear Mr. Fisher,—*A year ago and more* I spoke to you about purchasing an interest in the Northern Pacific Railroad for yourself and any you might choose to associate with yourself. The matter passed by without my being able to control it, and nothing more was said about it. Since then the Jay Cooke contract has been perfected, the additional legislation has been obtained, and 230 miles of the road are well nigh completed, and the whole line will be pushed forward rapidly. **By a strange revolution of circumstances I am again able to control an interest,** and if you desire it you can have it. The whole road is divided into twenty-four shares, of which Jay Cooke & Co. have twelve. The interest I speak of is one-eighth of one-twenty-fourth, or one one-hundredth-and-ninety-second of the entire franchise, being that proportion of the eighty-one millions of stock that are being divided as the road is built, and a like proportion of the Land Company stock that is formed to take and dispose of 52,000,000 acres of land covered by their grant as amended by the law of last session. The amount of stock which this 1-192 would have in the end would be about $425,000, and the number of acres of land it represents is nearly 275,000. The road is being built on the 7-30 bonds, $25,000 to the mile, which Jay Cooke takes at 90. Instead of mortgaging the land, they make a stock company for its ownership, dividing it *pro rata* among the holders of the franchise. The whole thing can be had for $25,000, which is **less than one-third of what some other sales of small interests have gone at.** I do not suppose you would care to invest the whole $25,000. I thought for a small flyer eight or ten of you in Boston might take it—$2,500 each. For $25,000 thus invested you would get ultimately $42,000 stock and the avails of some 27,000 acres of land. Five of you at $5,000 each would have a splendid thing of it.

The chance is a very rare one. I can't touch it, but I obey my first and best impulse in offering it to you.

All such chances as this since Jay Cooke got the road have been accompanied with the obligation to take a large amount of the bonds at ninety, and hold them not less than three years. I will be in Boston Tuesday noon, and will call upon you. Of course, if you don't want it, let it pass. You will receive an immediate issue of stock to a considerable amount, and certificates of land stock also. Of course, in conferring with others, **keep my name quiet,** mentioning to no one unless to Mr. Caldwell. I write under the presumption that you have returned, but I have heard nothing.

Yours truly, J. G. Blaine.

"Wherever concealment is advisable, avoidance is desirable; and I do not know any better test to apply to the honor and fairness of a business transaction."—*Blaine's personal explanation of April* 24, 1876.

Received of Warren Fisher, Jr., $25,000 in trust, in consideration of which I am to deliver to said Fisher properly authenticated certificates of an interest in the Northern Pacific Railway Company equivalent to one-eighth part of one of the twenty-four principal shares in which the franchise stock of said company are divided; certificates to be in the name of Elisha Atkins.

Witness my hand, James G. Blaine.

Forty-first Congress, U. S.,
House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C.,
December 7, 1870.

My dear Mr. Fisher,—You have rec'd Mr. Boutwell's answer.

I presume you will deem it necessary to come on here; if so, let me know of it a day or two in advance.

I have written Mr. Caldwell about the Bank; no trouble in securing a B'k of $500,000.

Sec'y of War will not allow the use of the Arsenal at Little Rock—says it is impossible. Very hastily & truly, J. G. B.

House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C,
December 9th, 1870.

See above.

My dear Mr. Fisher,—I wrote very hastily, both to yourself and Mr. Caldwell, in regard to the Bank. A further conference with the Comptroller of the Currency gives some additional facts which are of interest, and this letter is intended alike for yourself and Mr. Caldwell. Please show it to him. They are now allowing 90 per cent. circulation on $\frac{10}{40}$ Bonds, instead of 80, and then 85 at different periods in the past. They give me the assurance that you shall have full $450,000 circulation on a Bank of *half a million capital.*

You can, of course, deposit $\frac{5}{20}$'s if you please; but you will get no more than 90 per cent. circulation. They will cost you more, of course; and though you get more interest, you will very likely be disturbed in the quiet possession of them very soon by the operation of the Funding Scheme.

The opinion gains ground here quite rapidly, as you might infer from Secretary Boutwell's Report, that the debt can not be funded at less than 5 per cent.

By taking $\frac{10}{40}$ Bonds, therefore, you would be undisturbed as long as the Banking System lasts, or at least for thirty years and more. None of the $\frac{10}{40}$'s mature before A.D. 1904, and that is quite long enough to embrace within the scope of any financial operation. It might be well to have your formal application for y'r increase of capital, and then take such time as you may wish for getting your Stock subscribed. If you desire, I will confer with Senator Rice in regard to forms, &c. It might be better now to let him take the lead. Yours very truly, J. G. Blaine.

Augusta, Me., 29 *Dec.*, 1870.

My dear Mr. Fisher,—I am in hopes now that I shall secure $25,000, or nearly that. I find money very tight and rates well up to 9 per cent.—stiff at that.

The most of it will be for 5 and 6 months. If I had had more time and earlier notice I could have raised more, & at easier rates. I have seen most of the parties to whom bonds are due. I do not have much trouble about the January Coupon of the 1st Mortgage Bonds—but they of course growl some—on six of the Bonds. I would be glad to have the Coupon. I promised them *individually* to make it right in the future. I did not in any way use the name of the Company nor commit you to anything—only *myself.*

On the Land Bonds I can not make them see the equity of removing the April Coupon, & I promised to try and adjust that matter with you after my return to Boston. They all agree with one voice that no bond shall be exposed for sale. I wish you could give me the benefit of that fraction making 32 of the 1st Mortgage Bonds for the $31,500 due. I use the extra $500 in adjusting the interest matter, & it fits in completely. I will make it all right with you.

What I want, then, is

$$\$82{,}000 \begin{cases} \$32{,}000 \text{ 1st Mortgage Bonds,} \\ \$50{,}000 \text{ Land Bonds,} \end{cases}$$

and also f'r collateral to the notes for $25,000 an additional $50,000 of Land Bonds.

Please meet me at Mr Caldwell's private office on Saturday at 12.15 sharp. I shall try to be there precisely at *noon*, but allow 15 minutes for grace. It is very important that I have everything completed that day, as a man will come to Boston with me to take charge of the Bonds.

Yours in g't haste, J. G. Blaine.

Forty-first Congress, U. S.
House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C., *January* 26, 1871

My dear Mr. Fisher,—I have this moment written to Mr. Caldwell suggesting that, in case I can arrange **a meeting in this city next week with Col. Thomas A. Scott** to come on here. I have some reason for believing that a very advantageous arrangement may be made for taking, say, $300,000. I will telegraph Mr. Caldwell by Tuesday evening if I can arrange the meeting, and I wish him to hold himself in readiness for the journey. Your letter is this moment received; you ask my advice. Let me have an accurate and reliable statement of your financial condition, and **I can do something, I feel very sanguine, with Thomas A. Scott.**

I think you will not deem me unreasonable when I again and persistently urge that I ought to have good notes for the $25,000, and that I ought also to have the $82,000 bonds, which were made by yourself and Mr. Caldwell the express basis of the $25,000 loan. I do not believe y'r Company has a stronger or more equitable and legal claim than mine, while its personal hardships to me are bitter, and burning, and humiliating to the last degree.

Sincerely your friend, J. G. Blaine.

"I never had any transaction of any kind with Thomas A. Scott concerning bonds of the L. R. and F. S. road, or the bonds of any other railroad, or any business in any way connected with railroads, directly or indirectly, immediately or remotely."—*Blaine's explanation of April* 24, 1876.

Forty-second Congress, U. S.
House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C., *April* 21, 1871.

My dear Mr. Caldwell,—On the 29th inst. the second note of the loan I negotiated in December last falls due. The first, for $2032\frac{50}{100}$, which fell due March 1st–4th I was compelled to meet at the gravest possible inconvenience to myself. I drew on Mr. Fisher for the amount, but he declined to notice the draft. The note which falls due on the 29th inst. is for $2578\frac{35}{100}$. It seems extremely hard and unjust that I should be compelled to pay this money. It is no more my debt than the debt of President Grant or Queen Victoria, and I can not believe that you and Mr. Fisher, both or either, intend to leave this burden on me.

If you do, it will crush me. I have no possible means wherewith to meet these notes, and I beg of you and Mr. Fisher, either or both, to come to my relief. In a letter from Mr. Fisher under date of January 24th he writes me as follows:

"In regard to the $25,000 which you borrowed and loaned to Mr. Caldwell, or rather Mr. Pratt, as it was assumed by Mr. Pratt, because **you received from him $50,000 Land bonds for the amount.** Upon my visiting the office for the first time after you left the city, Mr. Pratt said he and Mr. Farrington gave to you their individual bonds, and they kept the money; and in order to obtain the money, and get it out of Mr. Pratt's hands, I obtained $50,000 Land bonds, and took what I supposed to be money; but it was not there. Part of it had been misapplied to other matters; $15,000 *of it I loaned Mr. Caldwell;* the balance went into a house at Little Rock without my knowledge or consent, and Pullman cars, &c., &c."

Now, my dear sir, if this be a correct statement, may I not hope you will relieve me to the extent of the $15,000, and Mr. Fisher will surely pay the other $10,000.

As a wholly innocent third party doing my best to act as a sincere and steadfast friend to both of you, I ought not to be left exposed to financial ruin and personal humiliation.

Please read this to Mr. Fisher. I have advised of my writing you.

Sincerely yours, J. G. Blaine.

Josiah Caldwell, Esq.

Boston, *April* 25, 1871.

Dear Fisher,—I inclose letter from Blaine. I forgot to speak to you about them when I saw you this P.M. I hope you can help him. I would, if it were in my power. **Blaine is an important man for us to have feel all right toward us,** and I only wish that I was so situated that I could help him.

Yours very truly, J. Caldwell.

This letter inclosed Mr. Blaine's letter to Caldwell of April 21, 1871.

Augusta, Me., 14*th June*, 1871.

My dear Mr. Fisher,—I tried very hard yesterday and day before (Monday and Tuesday) to see you, but was not fortunate enough to run across you. I am in a very painful and embarrassed situation growing out of my connection with the Fort Smith enterprise. I have paid and caused to be paid into y'r treasury about $250,000, and the only result to me is the most painful perplexity. The most painful of all and the most oppressive is the $25,000 which I paid to Mr. Pratt for you Jan'y 2d, which I borrowed here on my own faith and credit on the distinct understanding with you that it was to be repaid, and that I was also to receive a certain proportion of Bonds. I have rec'd only a part of the Bonds—the larger part—and not a dollar of the money. And now, in addition to all other troubles, I have $10,000 of Coupons, a little over that amount, which I am held to take care of partly through verbal understanding and partly through written agreement—Coupons due in April on Land Bonds and to fall due in July on 1st Mortgage Bonds. Now, I have a proposition to make to you, which I think is most liberal and fair, going as far as I possibly can go without ruining myself past all recovery. If you will look at copy of our agreement in your hands, you will find there is still due to me $70,000 of Land Bonds and $32,000 of 1st Mortgage.

In order to square myself with my friends, I need and must have $36,000 Land Bonds and $9000 1st Mortgage—$45,000 in all—still leaving $57,000 of mine in your hands.

Now if you will take up these $10,000 of Coupons, paying me the Cash therefor, and give me the $45,000 of Bonds, I will let all the remainder of our matters stand until you are perfectly at ease and ready to open correspondence on the subject yourself. In other words, I will leave the matter in your hands until the Fort Smith enterprise is out of the woods, and its tangled affairs well smoothed out.

I trust in consideration of our many years of friendship, as well as in view of the peculiar relations I have held in this matter, you will make an effort to do this.

Pray let me hear from you at your earliest leisure, and greatly oblige,

Yours truly, J. G. Blaine.

Boston, *Sept.* 30, 1871.

My dear Blaine,—It is the greatest importance that the parties owning the interest in the $25,000, and invested by them in the Northern Pacific Railroad, should receive what is due them; and unless something is done about it, I shall be forced to turn the document over to them, and let you settle directly with them. I am constantly reminded about it, and they all say, **Why don't Blaine deliver to you our interest?** Mr. Caldwell tells me he has paid you his last note due you, and **gave you the $50,000 Land Bonds in addition.** I should judge it was for your interest to settle the matter at once, and have no further delay. You must be your own judge in the matter, but **my advice is to settle at once.**

I remain, Warren Fisher, Jr.

Augusta, *October* 1, 1871.

My dear Mr. Fisher,—I am doing all in my power to expedite and hasten the delivery of that stock. The delay has been occasioned by circumstances wholly beyond my control. But I shall reach a conclusion within a few days, and make a formal delivery then. It will be an immense relief to get it off my hands, I assure you; far greater than it will for you to receive it.

You must have strangely misunderstood Mr. Caldwell in regard to his paying those notes. He has paid me in all just $6000, leaving $19,000 due, which I am carrying here at 8 and 8½ per cent. interest, and which embarrasses me beyond all imagination. I do not really know which way to turn for relief, I am so pressed and hampered. The Little Rock and Fort Smith matter has been a sore experience to me, and if you and Mr. Caldwell between you can not pay me the $19,000 of borrowed money, I don't know what I shall do. Politically I am charged with being a wealthy man. Personally and pecuniarily I am laboring under the most fearful embarrassments, and the greatest of all these embarrassments is the $19,000 which I handed over under your orders, and not one dollar of which I have received. Of the $25,000 original debt Mr. Caldwell has paid $6000, and $6,000 only. Can you not give me some hope of relief in this matter? It is cruel beyond measure to leave me so exposed and so suffering.

You know my profound regard for you and my faith in you. We have been friends too long and too intimately to allow a shade between us now.

Yours truly, J. G. Blaine.

Augusta, Maine, *October* 4, 1871.

My dear Mr. Fisher,—You must have strangely misunderstood Mr. Caldwell's statement in regard to his paying me all but $2500 of the $25,000 borrowed money which I loaned the company through him and you last January. Mr. Caldwell paid me in June $3500, and in July $2500 more, accepting at the same time a draft for $2500, July 10, ten days, which draft remains unpaid. I have therefore **received** but **$6000** from Mr. Caldwell, leaving $19,000 (besides interest) due me to-day.

For this $19,000 I am individually held, and, considering all the circumstances, I think you and Mr. Caldwell should regard it as an honorary debt, and you should not allow me to suffer for money which I raised under the peculiar circumstances attending this. It is a singularly hard and oppressive case, the features and facts of which are familiar to you and Mr. Caldwell.

And then, again, I have been used with positive cruelty in regard to the bonds. **I have your positive written contract to deliver me $125,000 land bonds and $32,500 first mortgage bonds.** The money due you on the contract was all paid nearly a year and a half ago. Of this whole amount of bonds due me I have received but $50,000 land grants, leaving $75,000 of those and $32,500 first mortgage still due. I know you are pressed and in trouble, and I don't wish to be too exacting; rather I wish to be very liberal in settlement.

Now I make this offer: Pay me the cash due on the borrowed money account; call it $19,000 in round numbers, and $40,000 land bonds, and we will call it square.

Mr. Caldwell has repeatedly assured me that I should be paid all the bonds due me under contracts with you, and outside of that the $20,000 due me from him. I now voluntarily offer to make a very large reduction if I can have the matter closed.

I am without doubt the only person who has **paid money*** for bonds without receiving them, and I think you will agree with me that I have fared pretty roughly. It would be an immense, immeasurable relief to me if I could receive the money in time to pay off the indebtedness here within the next six weeks, so that I can go to Washington this winter with the load taken off my shoulders. It was placed there in the fullest faith and confidence that you and Mr. Caldwell would not let me suffer. I still cling to that faith and confidence. You will much oblige me by showing this letter to Mr. Caldwell.

Yours very truly, J. G. Blaine.

"I will inform gentlemen for their benefit, especially those who are so eager to search the records of the Circuit Court at Little Rock, Arkansas, that it was this $25,000 which I recovered through the courts of Arkansas; I think it was the 1st of May, this spring."—*Blaine's explanation of April* 24, 1876.

"The absurd rumor has lately appeared in certain newspapers that I was the owner of from $150,000 to $250,000 of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad bonds, which I received without consideration, and that it was from these bonds that Thomas A. Scott received his $75,000. The statement is gratuitously and utterly false.... In common with hundreds of other people in New England and other parts of the country, I bought some of these bonds—not a very large amount — paying for them at precisely the same rate that others paid.—*Blaine's explanation of April* 24, 1876.

* See contract of September 5, 1869.

Boston, *Oct.* 24, 1871.

My dear Blaine,—Yesterday I received your favor of the 21st inst., to which I replied by telegram: "Mr. C. has not been in this city for four weeks. He is now in St. Louis."

I can get no information when Mr. Caldwell is to return; when he does, I will lay your letters before him. In the mean time I can say nothing in regard to the matter further than what I have heretofore told you,—that Mr. Caldwell represented to me that he had paid for your account, and for which he has your receipts, all but $2500 of the $25,000 which you loaned, and for which you received as collateral $50,000 of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Land Grand Bonds, which you since sold at 60 cents on the dollar, realizing therefor $30,000, leaving you now in advance of funds, even if Mr. Caldwell had paid you nothing.

I have heretofore advised you that I had been frequently importuned for the Securities of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and as a last resort I had to surrender your obligation for the benefit of the parties in interest, who now say that after so long delay they will not take the securities, but require you to refund the money. I remain, Warren Fisher, Jr.

See Blaine's statement above (with letter of October 4, 1871) as to collection of this amount through Arkansas Circuit Court.

See note above.

Augusta, Me., *Nov.* 3*d*, 1871.

My dear Mr. Fisher,—I write Mr. Caldwell this day earnestly asking him to relieve me from the very pressing and painful embarrassment entailed upon me by raising the money I loaned to you and him last winter.

Mr. Caldwell has paid me $6000; there remains $19,000 due, with considerable interest. There is due also to me, under contract with you, $70,000 Land Bonds and $32,000 1st Mortgage. Retaining in my possession the $50,000 Land Bonds as collateral to the note, there is still due to me $20,000 Land Bonds and the 1st Mortgage Bonds $32,000. I have already made one proposition for settlement, to which I call Mr. Caldwell's attention. I must have the matter settled in some way, and at once.

Pray communicate with me on the matter. Sincerely yours,

J. G. Blaine.

P.S.—It is very important to me that I have some Bonds next week. If you don't accept the proposition I have made, suppose you consider this: Let me retain the Land Bonds now in possession as satisfaction for loaned money, and you pay me the $70,000 Land Bonds and $32,000 1st Mortgage due to me under the contract. I do not make this proposition to be bound by it; I merely suggest it. But I must have the matter settled in some way quickly.

Boston, *Nov.* 4, 1871.

My dear Blaine,—Your letter of the 3d inst. received. I hope Mr. Caldwell will respond to your request promptly and satisfactorily. I can not say anything until I see Mr. Caldwell, who keeps out of the way of creditors, but probably he will call upon me soon. **You have had more Bonds than you state in your letter.** If you have given any to parties at Washington or disposed of them to others, it is no concern of mine, and of course must be accounted for in any settlement hereafter.

I remain yours, &c., &c., W. Fisher, Jr.

Augusta, Me., 8*th November*, 1871.

My dear Mr. Fisher,—I am pressed daily for the bonds, which up to this time I have never been able to deliver. Let me assure you that if I were suffering in this matter alone, I would not bother you, but wait in silence the issue of events. But how can I do this with parties who have paid their money earnestly demanding of me the consideration promised by me, but which I am not able to give because I do not receive the bonds to which I am entitled by contract? I am ready to receive any kind of reasonable proposition you may make. It is not a question of money-making with me. It is simply a question of saving my word with others. *I will sacrifice a great deal to get a settlement.* I feel assured of your friendly disposition toward me, and therefore I do not wish to seem importunate and troublesome; but if you knew the agonies I have suffered in this matter during the past six months, you would pity me, I am sure, and make great effort to relieve me. *Pray let me know what I am to expect.*

Yours very sincerely, J. G. Blaine.

Boston, *Nov.* 10, 1871.

My dear Blaine,—I am in receipt of your favor of the 8th inst., from which I am led to infer that the contracts I made through you to your Eastern friends have not been fulfilled on my part; but **such is not the fact,** as I have delivered each and every one of them all the securities in accordance with the contracts, and they have surrendered to me my obligations. You are well aware of the condition of the road, and that **you have received your full proportion of the bonds to which you were entitled** under the Eastern contracts, when you consider the length of the road only completed. I think you can readily see that I can make no proposition further than as the road progresses to deliver you bonds in accordance. I know but little of your obligations to deliver bonds to others; but **taking into account the $100,000 bonds you sold to Tom Scott,** and the amount of money you received on the Eastern contracts, **our relative positions financially in the Little Rock & Fort Smith Railroad bear a wide contrast.** Mr. Caldwell is here, but I have not seen him; still I presume he has paid proper attention to your letter addressed to him. I remain with kind regards, Warren Fisher, Jr.

"I never had any transaction of any kind with Thomas A. Scott concerning bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith road, or the bonds of any other railroad, or any business in any way connected with railroads, directly or indirectly, immediately or remotely."—***Blaine's explanation of April* 24, 1876.**

Washington, D. C., *April* 13, 1872.

My dear Mr. Fisher,—I have your favor of the 12th. I am not prepared to pay any money just now in any direction, being so cramped and pressed that I am absolutely unable to do so. Please send me a copy of the notes of mine held by you with indorsed payments thereon.

I would have been glad, instead of a demand upon me for payment of notes, if you had proposed a general settlement of all matters between us that remain unadjusted. There is still due to me on articles of agreement between us $70,000 in land bonds and $31,000 in first mortgage bonds, making $101,000 in all. For these bonds the money was paid you nearly three years ago, and every other party agreeing to take bonds on same basis has long since received its full quota. I alone am left hopeless and helpless, so far as I can see. Then there is the $25,000 which I borrowed and paid over, under your orders, to Mr. Pratt, for which I have received no pay. Mr. Caldwell paid me a small fraction of the amount as I supposed, but he now says the money he paid me must be credited to another account on which he was my debtor, and that he denies all responsibility, past, present, and future, on the $25,000, for payment of which I must, he says, look solely to you. I only know that I delivered the money to Mr. Pratt on your written order. I still owe the money in Maine, and am carrying the greater part of it at eight per cent.—nearly $2000 per annum steady draw on my resources, which are slender enough without this burden.

Still further, I left with Mr. Mulliken, January, 1871, $6000 in land grant bonds, Union Pacific Railroad, to be exchanged for a like amount of Little Rock land bonds *with Mr. Caldwell*, he to change back when I desired. Mr. Caldwell declined to take them, and you took them without any negotiation with me or any authority from me in regard to the matter. You placed the Little Rock land bonds in the envelope, and I have the original envelope with Mr. Mulliken's indorsement thereon of the fact of the delivery to you. Now, I do not complain of your taking the bonds, provided you hold yourself bound to replace them. The worst of the whole matter was that the bonds were **only a part mine,** and I have had to make good the others to the original owner.

There are other matters to which I would refer, but my letter is already long.

I do not think, under the circumstances, that it would be quite wise or kind in you to place any note or notes of mine that may happen to be in your possession in the hands of third parties as collateral.

In any event I ask as a simple favor that you will not do so, and that you will send me by return mail a copy of all obligations of mine in your possession.

Mrs. Blaine joins me in very kind regards to Mrs. Fisher, and in the expression of the hope that you may have a pleasant and profitable tour in Europe. Sincerely yours, J. G. Blaine.

"I wish my testimony to be taken as exhaustive, and as intended to exclude every form or phase of ownership in the Credit Mobilier or the Union Pacific Railroad Company, both past and present."—***Blaine's testimony in Credit Mobilier investigation.***

Boston, *April* 16, 1872.

My dear Blaine,—Your favor of the 13th inst. reached me this morning. I am surprised at its contents. I have loaned you at various times, when you were comparatively poor, very large sums of money, and **never have you paid me one dollar from your own pocket,** either principal or interest. I have paid sundry amounts to others to whom you were indebted, and these debts you have allowed to stand unpaid like the notes which I hold. I have placed you in positions whereby you have received **very large sums of money without one dollar of expense to you,** and you ought not to forget the act on my part. Of all the parties connected with the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad, **no one has been so fortunate as yourself in obtaining money out of it.** You obtained subscriptions from your friends in Maine for the building of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad. Out of their subscriptions **you obtained a large amount both of Bonds and money free of cost to you.** I have your own figures, and know the amount. **Owing to your political position you were able to work off all your bonds at a very high price,** and the fact is well known to others as well as myself. **Would your friends in Maine be satisfied if they knew the facts?** Are my associates satisfied to have you obtain $25,000 for Northern Pacific Railroad, and you not make the investment as per agreement? The course you have thought proper to take in regard to my request is rather a poor one, taking your relations with me, and I again ask you to reconsider it and grant it. You will find it much easier to pay by obtaining

"The absurd rumor has lately appeared in certain newspapers that I was the owner of from $150,000 to $250,000 of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad bonds, which I received without consideration, and that it was from these bonds that Thomas A. Scott received his $75,000. The statement is gratuitously and utterly false.... In common with hundreds of other people in New England and other parts of the country, I bought some of these bonds—not a very large amount — paying for them at precisely the same rate that others paid; I never heard and do not believe that the Little Rock Company—which I know is controlled by highly honorable men — ever parted with a bond to any person except at the regular price fixed for their sale.... I never had one except at the regular market price."—*Blaine's explanation of April* 24, 1876.